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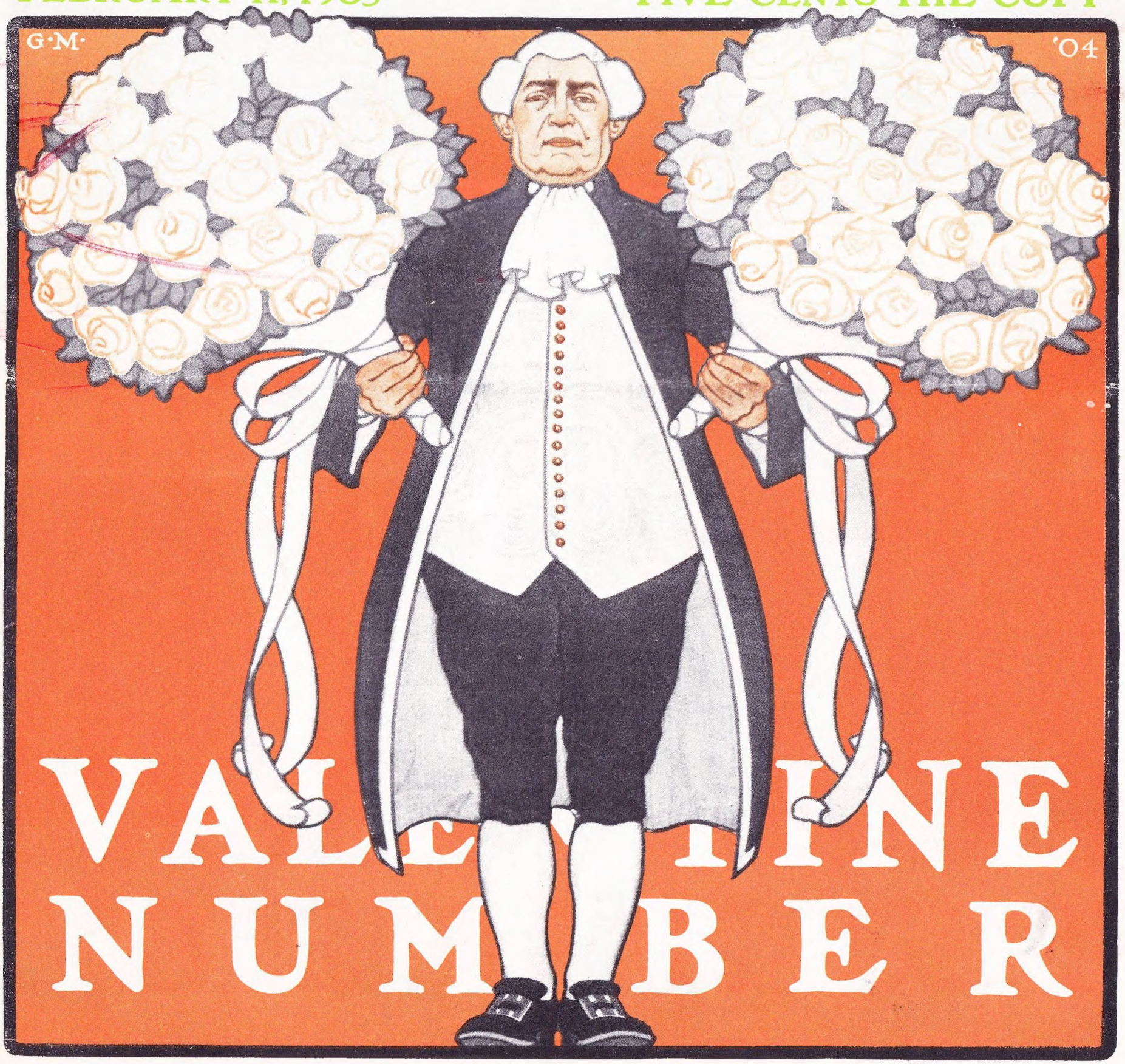
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

FEBRUARY 11, 1905 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

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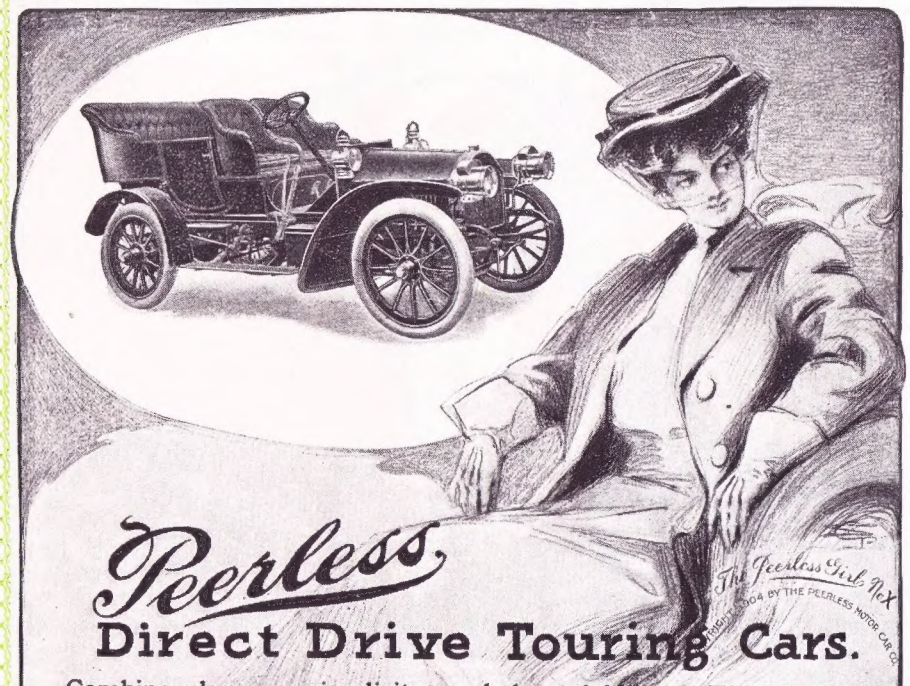

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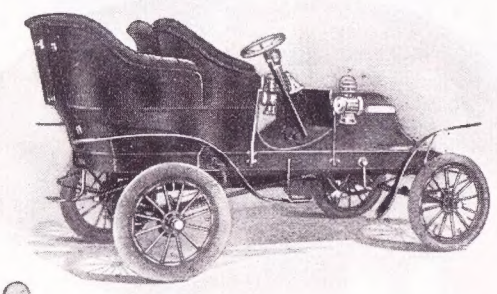

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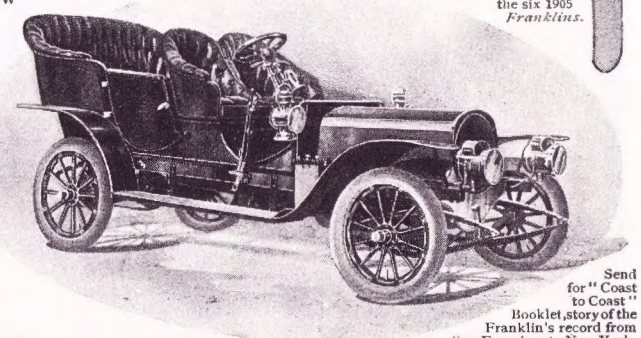

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A NEGRO'S CHANCE

How the Race Problem is Answered in the Blackest Portion of the Black Belt

BY B. G. HUMPHREYS

Member of Congress from the Third Mississippi District

SINCE President Roosevelt became an avowed candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency, and especially since what is popularly called his negro policy became the subject of general comment, we have had every phase of the race question served to us with the regularity of the dinner-horn, and, I was about to say, with equal frequency. Every one has had his word, from the man who advocates social equality to the man who believes in the fagot and the stake. Men of usually sober temperaments on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line have become excited on the question, and have run about the country really making spectacles of themselves. So many good people, in fact, have thus disported themselves that one can understand, though one may not excuse, the Boston negroes who were upon the point of mobbing Booker Washington because he had suggested that the door of hope would more likely be opened to the negro race by their strict adherence to those trades and callings which offer reasonable promise of industrial development, than by any preachment on social elevation by act of the legislature. So much has been said within the past few years about closing the door of hope to the negro of the Southern States—so much of fancy and so little of fact, so much of politics and so little of patriotism—that it is interesting, perhaps instructive, to review the situation as it really is.

However, there has been such a deal of fine talk on the subject, and so much eloquence of the variety called perfervid, that it is impossible not to be prosaic if we descend now in the discussion of this very practical question to the simple fields of simpler truth. It must be remembered, too, that in this erring world men who have theories usually adhere to those theories; and if facts be so rude as to stand up in front of those theories and impertinently dispute and refute them—well, so much the worse for the facts.

There is a tale in the story-books I used to read of a little boy who went to the robber's house to get his stolen treasure. He took with him a donkey, a dog, a billy-goat, and several other animals noted for their strong voices, and at a given word they all thrust their heads in at the window,

and brayed and barked and bleated, "every one after his kind." The confusion of tongues so terrified the robber that he took to his heels in most precipitate haste, leaving the treasure behind him. Now, the story proceeds that after he had reached "the centre of the forest," like the prodigal son, "he came to himself," and thereupon straightway resolved to return to his house and ascertain what it was that had frightened him so.

I will not undertake to determine which has caused the terror of the past few years—the bleat, the bark or the bray—but in the aftermath of the recent election, standing in the shadow—or sunlight, if you prefer—of its stupendous pluralities, and while the old hobby-horse is resting—ridden down and winded—can we not at least emulate the example of the timid robber and try to ascertain what it was that frightened us so?

A few years ago Governor Longino, of Mississippi, said: "A negro is entitled to a negro's chance"—a phrase which has been the subject of very much comment and divers interpretations. We can all agree that a white man is entitled to a white man's chance, neither more nor less. We can all, doubtless, agree with Governor Longino, too, though our interpretation of "a negro's chance" may differ. At any rate, we cannot get further apart by a review of industrial conditions in the South in an effort to ascertain whether, in point of fact, the negro really has a "negro's chance"—whatever that may mean.

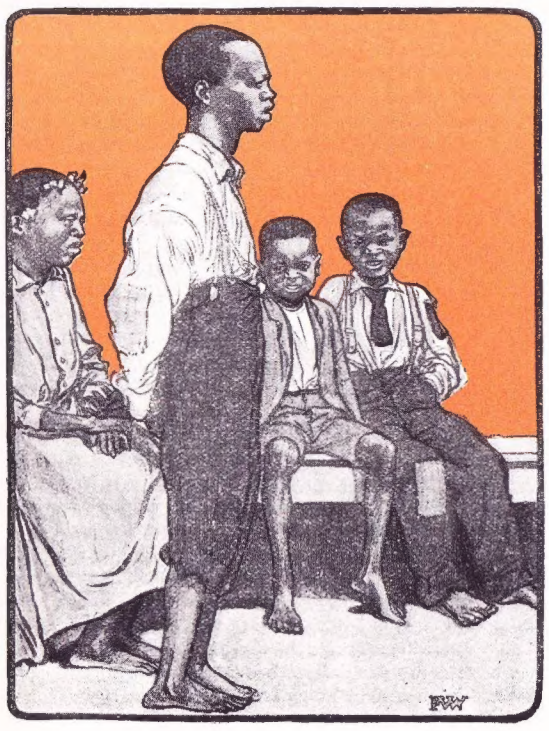
In the Shoestring District

I SHALL confine this inquiry to a very limited area of the South, in fact to one Congressional District, and I do this for several very good reasons. First, it is the only section with which I am personally thoroughly familiar, and next, because it is the district most frequently pointed to as the chief sinner against the Fifteenth Amendment. This district is the Yazoo Delta District of Mississippi, the blackest section of the black belt. It used to be called the Shoestring District, and Mr. Blaine, upon one occasion, in a moment of ill-nature, referred to it as the Whiplash District. The census of 1900 gives it a population of 232,174. Of this number 32,090 are white and 200,084 are negroes. In the county of Leflore, according to the same authority, there were, in round numbers, 2700 whites and 21,000 negroes. To the most casual reader of the history of races it will be apparent from this simple statement that one of two results must follow: either the 2700 whites will assume control of the functions of government and administer its affairs, or the 21,000 negroes will; and certainly no man who has any familiarity with the historic character of the Saxon—from the day when the great Hermann sent Varus back to Rome without his legions, down to this very good day of our Lord 1905—will have any sort of doubt that those 2700 white men will most boldly assert, and at least make a very desperate effort to maintain, their racial supremacy.

So they did. In a very orderly, eminently proper and wholly constitutional way they have brought about what we call white supremacy. They met together in convention in 1890 under the leadership of one of the greatest lawyers of his day, United States Senator J. Z. George, and framed the first of the Southern Constitutions which have accomplished the disfranchisement of the negro. So well, indeed, has the Constitution of Mississippi performed the work it was set to do—I say *well*, because I write from the white man's standpoint—that on the first day of July, 1903, immediately preceding the State primaries, the Election Commissions of Leflore County, who are charged under the law with that duty, reported 693 whites and twenty-eight negroes as the total qualified electors for that county. In Washington County under the census there were 44,000 negroes and 5000 whites, and at the recent election the registration books of that county showed 1776 white and 388 negro voters.

There was no legerdemain about this. The disfranchisement was accomplished by three perfectly reasonable requirements: first, that the voter must be able to read the Constitution or understand it when read to him; second, he must pay his taxes, and third, he must register four months before the election. *Not one negro who has applied for registration in either of these counties has been rejected because of inability to read the Constitution or to understand it when read to him;* so that there has been absolutely no discrimination in the *administration* of the law.

As a matter of course, the purpose for which the Constitutional Convention was called was to disfranchise the negro, but, in accomplishing that end, we have kept safely within the limitations of the Fifteenth Amendment. Nothing impossible is required of him who would participate as an elector in the conduct of public affairs. He must pay his taxes, and he may. He must register four months before the election, and he may. He must be able to read the Constitution or understand it when read to him, and in order that he may the State maintains a system of public schools where the youths of both races may be instructed without charge. In Washington County, in 1903, there were



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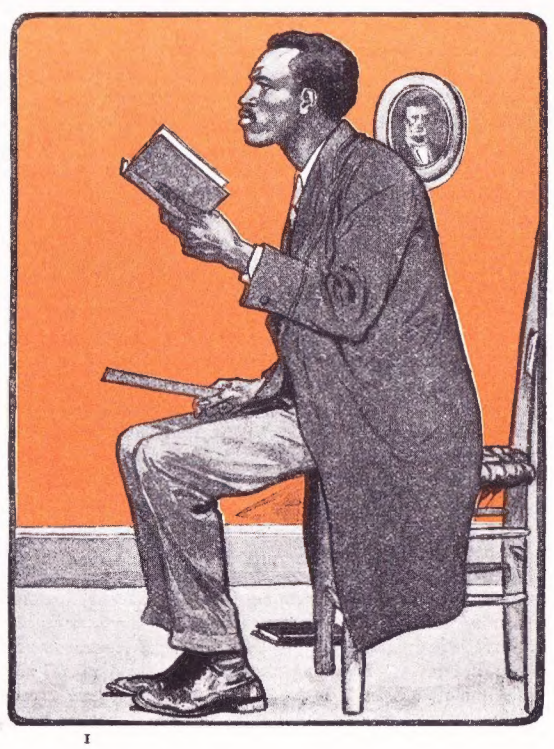

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twenty-nine white and seventy-seven negro county schools, all taught for a term of eight months. The white schools cost the county $8640 and the negro schools $14,555.

In 1900 there were in this county 6093 male negroes of voting age who could read and write. Less than 1000 of that number paid their taxes, and only 388 registered.

In this connection it may be interesting to note that in one precinct in this Delta District at the recent election Roosevelt received eighty-seven votes and Parker received one. This was at Mound Bayou, in Bolivar County, where the mayor, marshal, aldermen, postmaster, railroad agent, etc., *ad infinitum*, are negroes.

These counties are simply types; they are in no sense exceptions. If, as matter of fact, the disfranchisement of the negro has closed the door of hope, we must conclude from this statement that here, surely, it is locked and barred. Let us examine the facts and see. The great body of the negroes live on the plantations and are engaged in agricultural pursuits, whereas the white population is nearly all urban. I think I am safely within the limits when I say that, outside of the little towns and villages, the negroes outnumber the whites at least seventy-five to one. Nowhere, I think, are the relations between the two races more friendly than in this Delta; nowhere is there so little friction, and nowhere is the bare thought of social equality so far from the negroes' dreams.

The fact is, so far as my observation goes, that the negroes not only do not desire social equality but will not tolerate it. Whenever a white man attempts to put himself on terms of social equality with them they immediately put themselves above him, and thenceforth entertain for him a most apparent and supreme contempt.

While I am on this subject of social inequality let me add a statement which I think is very pertinent right here, and that is that notwithstanding this—may I say awful?—preponderance of negroes there has not been in all the years that have passed one single instance of a negro committing an assault upon a white woman in this Delta, and only two attempts, both of them within the last two years. I wish I could burn that fact into the brain of every man who thinks and expects to act on this great question. I am trying to state conditions as they really are. I am not consciously lending any color to the picture. To sum up, I will say that, considering the numerical preponderance of the negro, nowhere is there greater inequality, social and political, than here in the Yazoo Delta.

Thus much having been said fairly and frankly, let us examine into the industrial conditions of the negro in this same Delta and ascertain, as far as we may, what he is doing with his freedom, and how he is getting along under the white man's government.

It should be borne in mind that the Delta is a section of large estates, the plantations containing, as a rule, from 500 acres upward into the thousands. The land there, too, commands a price in the markets far above the price for farm lands in the hills. There are very few small farms. The Delta is, in fact, a district of planters as distinguished from farmers: a distinction not entirely without a difference. In 1900 there were 29,754 negro farmers as enumerated by the census, and of that number 2666 owned their farms. Remember that these are negroes, and should not be contrasted with the farmers of Iowa, who are men of a very different and superior race.

In the city of Greenville 769 negroes owned their homes—in other words, about one in eight or nine of the population, including men, women and children. I challenge any man to show a door of hope wider open anywhere. There are now about 6000 negroes in that city, and among them are men engaged in nearly every vocation. There are lawyers—not many, indeed, and none eminent in their profession, but nevertheless lawyers, who practice in all the courts of the county. There are physicians, and several of them, too, who have every appearance of being prosperous. They own property and give evidence of having the practice of a satisfactory clientèle. Let me remark here that not every man who is "called" can practice medicine in Mississippi. He must stand an examination before the State Board of Health—and a very rigid examination it is, too, as many a young medico will sadly testify. More than fifty per cent. of the graduates of medical colleges who apply to this board for license fail to pass the examination. If their patients so elect they may have their prescriptions compounded by negro pharmacists, who have likewise been examined by the State Board of Pharmacists, and who own and conduct their own drug stores. There are trained nurses among them who are quite competent, too, as I can cheerfully testify after much experience in my own family. I was nursed through a serious and protracted spell of typhoid fever in 1899 by a graduate of Tuskegee. It may be surprising to know that there are such things as negro newspapers in the Yazoo Delta, but it is none the less true. There are two negro papers in Greenville, and perhaps half a dozen in the other towns of the district. These papers most earnestly, may I say strenuously, advocated the election of Roosevelt and Fairbanks, and one of them is even now insisting upon the reduction of the South's representation in Congress and the Electoral College.

In glancing over this paper I notice a number of advertisements embracing nearly every trade and profession. One I note is the card of a young negro woman who "is prepared to do all kinds of typewriting and stenography." Another is the advertisement of Granville Carter, "bookseller and stationer." This man for more than twenty years has been conducting his book store and has always had the good will and a share of the patronage of the white people. And so the advertisements run—brickmasons, paperhangers, cotton-samplers, hack-drivers, and so on and so forth. Within the past eighteen months the negroes of this district have organized three banks which are now open for business. Every dollar of the stock is owned by negroes, and every officer—president, cashier, director—is a negro.

At a recent meeting of the stockholders of one of these banks, the Bank of Mound Bayou, a dividend of seventeen per cent., the profit on the past year's business, was declared.

In January, 1903, one of the banks at Ittabena, in Leflore County, a small town of about 500 souls, had on deposit $125,000 in round numbers. Of this amount, $83,000 was deposited by negroes, and negro farmers at that.

In his testimony before the Rivers and Harbors Committee last winter, Mr. A. S. Caldwell, a very prominent business man of Memphis, Tennessee, a Northern man by birth who came South after he arrived at man's estate, made some very interesting statements about the industrial conditions of the negro in the Delta country of the Mississippi—a term which embraces all the alluvial valley on both banks of the river. I wish I could quote it at length, but I cannot within the necessary limits of this article. Among other things he said:

"Now, I believe that in this very Delta lies the solution of the so-called 'negro question.' We have the negro with us always, and he is on the minds of many of us. I have done a good deal of thinking about it, and I have tried an experiment. I believed that the negro would become an industrious citizen, and a very good citizen, if he owned his farm; that not education, but land ownership, was the thing to elevate the negro, if you choose to call it that, but at any rate to better his condition and make him what is to the interest of the whole country—a good citizen.

"I am not in the real-estate business, gentlemen, but I subdivided some of my own lands, and was instrumental in having some other lands, owned by some of my own friends, subdivided into small farms—40, 60, 80 and 160 acres—and these I sold to negroes without any cash payment on long time and easy payments, and at a rate of interest low in that section—six per cent.

"In nearly every instance I built a cabin—a little frame house for the negro to live in. In many instances I bought him a mule with which to make the crop, and in some instances I even went the length, after furnishing him the house and mule, of furnishing him the money with which to live the first year. In all, I disposed of a little over 2300 acres in this way, and less than one-fourth of it has come back upon my hands, and though in the instance of the other three-fourths the money has not all been paid, sufficient of it has been paid to guarantee that of those transactions the remaining three-fourths will turn out well. In every instance the negro who bought the land has become a good citizen and an industrious citizen, and ambitious further to better his condition. And this has been my observation of other negro landowners. I know that there are some exceptions—I do not mean to say there are not—but I believe that the rule will hold generally good, and I have not the slightest hesitancy in telling you gentlemen that the negro farmer is a better citizen, and a more successful man, than the negro preacher, the negro doctor, the negro artisan and the negro lawyer."

I have written this article for one only reason and that is to show, what is the simple and unvarnished truth, that the door of hope is not closed to the negro by his disfranchisement, but, on the contrary, is wide open. There is another truth, however, which remains and must be faced, and that is that the great body of the negroes are not thrifty, but, on the contrary, are wasteful, improvident, careless, lazy. That every avenue which leads to industrial success is open to the race is shown by the fact that some have attained it in all the callings. The fact that the great mass of the negro population prefer the ease of indolence and squalor, and refuse to pass through the door of hope, may discredit them, but it does not close the door.

One theme upon which our perfervid friends frequently dwell is the denial to the negro of the right to sit as a juror, and especially in cases where negroes are being tried on criminal charges.

In a speech in Boston, Henry Grady said:

"In our penitentiary records sixty per cent. of the prosecutors are negroes, and in every court the negro criminal strikes the colored juror that white men may judge his case. . . . I assert here—and a bar as intelligent and upright as the bar of Massachusetts will solemnly indorse my assertion—that in the Southern courts, from highest to lowest, pleading for life, liberty or property, the negro has distinct advantage because he is a negro—apt to be overreached, oppressed—and that this advantage reaches from the juror in making his verdict to the judge in measuring his sentence."

The truth is that the negro is not denied the right to serve as a juror. Without any data on the point, and relying solely upon a very general recollection of my term of service as public prosecutor, I think I can say with perfect assurance that at least one-half of the juries which I addressed during that time were composed of both white men and negroes. I recall one case where a young white man was tried, convicted and executed in Coahoma County for the murder of another young white man, and the jury which sat in judgment on his case was composed of four white men and eight negroes. In that case I offered to agree that the negroes could be set aside and white men summoned in their stead, but the defendant declined the offer.

The negro under the white man's government is prospering, at least in the Yazoo Delta, as he never has and never can under a negro government anywhere on the face of this turbulent earth.

The problem which confronts the Southern people directly, and the whole country less directly, but nevertheless seriously, is, indeed, a great one. The story of the Black Republic must needs give even the most sanguine optimist food for "worthy cogitations." One of the saddest features of the situation is that it furnishes such a fruitful field for the demagogue; and, North and South, in the future as in the past, the demagogue will not neglect his opportunities. The white men of the South, however, who are standing nearest to the burden, and who must endure the summer's heat, will, in the fullness of God's providence, solve the problem in the interest of racial integrity and in the interest of civilization. They have come down from a generation of men whose lives have made the history of this good country glorious, and they will be steadfast.

The Ghostly Fiddle

By Frank L. Stanton

DRAWN BY H. E. TOWNSEND

Dat's his fiddle in de corner, whar he hung it long ago,
'Fo' he gone ter sleep out yander, in de fallin' er de snow—
'Fo' he lef' us whar we roam,
Played his last, sweet song er "Home,"
Wid de teardraps tricklin' thro' it—
Kaze he loved de music so!

But in dead er night—look! look!
Wuz dat Win' de shutter shook?
Dar's a trimblin' er de strings,
En once mo' de fiddle sings
Lak' de angels come ter hear it
Wid a flutterin' er wings!

En dat *Shadder* in de corner—by de lonesome chimbly-place—
It's movin' ter de music, en it's lak' de old man's face!
En de chillun closer creep,
Lak' dey seen him in dey sleep,
En dey dreams dey hears de music
Dat once made de dimples race!

Does de witch-win', ez it go,
Shake de midnight shutter so?
What kin move de fiddle-strings?
Fer once mo' de fiddle sings
Lak' de angels come ter hear it
Wid a flutterin' er wings!

A STAY OF PROCEEDINGS

The Tale of a Pair of Shoes, a Drowsy Porter and a Ticket for South Dakota

By MARK LEE LUTHER

EASTLAKE moodily patrolled the platform of the dismal trainshed, while the green porter of the Esmeralda pottered over the berths of a regiment of women with small children who had made prior demands upon his incompetence. The waiting man was well into his second cigar, and the profound conviction that he had botched life from the outset, when his eye was arrested by a gleam of lilac petticoat.

Now, lilac, for a sufficient reason, was with him a touchstone, and this speaking detail led him forthwith to a closer survey of a little procession which wound its way through the wicket from the waiting-rooms and presently ended its leisured march at the step of the watcher's own car. It consisted of a station porter burdened with feminine belongings; a gentleman of ingratiating address; and a young woman of modish garb and exceeding good looks, upon whom porter and cavalier alike danced a worshipful attendance.

Eastlake straightway flattened himself into the friendly shadow of a baggage truck.

"Betty!" he gasped.

Whereupon, through the brightly lit windows of the Pullman, he saw the group straggle down the aisle, peering at the section numbers, and finally halt with hostile glances at a point where, in sign of preëmption, a man's luggage filled the rear seat.

"Betty!" breathed the hypnotized spectator again. "And in my section!"

In tranced amaze, he followed a pantomime to which the lady contributed a battery of taking graces and her companion an air of extreme devotion. This latter person was prodigal of magazines, flowers and like trifles for the beguilement of a long journey; lavish, too, was his talk, to which his listener lent a pink-tipped and apparently willing ear; while his leave-taking as the wheels began to turn was that of one who ventured with his eyes intimacies which he durst not as yet put more eloquently. He dropped to the platform just as Eastlake, curbing a fierce primitive impulse to mar and maim, swung himself aboard.

Eastlake's progress toward his section was less impetuous. Indeed, it was only after several false starts and a futile parley with the sleeping-car conductor that he plucked up courage to present himself before his seatmate. The most casual witness would have agreed that his reception justified his reluctance. To call it glacial would suggest a warmth it could not boast: compare it rather with the unchanging cold of some dead world.

The man shivered elaborately.

"Yes," he confessed apologetically; "this is really my seat, Betty."

The lady bridled.

"'Betty!'" she repeated indignantly.

"Elizabeth," amended the offender.

"Not to you."

"Well, then—Mrs. Eastlake! I dare say that's scarcely more palatable, though I remember you thought it a pretty name when you married it."

She seemed unmoved by this reminiscence.

"I was about to explain," added her husband, "that I have tried to get a berth elsewhere, and failed. The travel is unusually heavy to-night."

Another pause.

"However, I will try not to annoy you," he went on. "A shade more cordiality on your part would prevent our being taken for a self-conscious bridal pair; but suit yourself as to that. If, on the other hand, it pleases you to treat me as a stranger—you're acting the part capitally just now, by the way—at least permit me as a stranger—a courteous one—to offer you the rear seat."

"No, thank you."

"But it always makes you sick to ride backward, Be—Mrs. Eastlake," he remonstrated. "Do take it."

The lady eclipsed her face with one of her numerous magazines. Her husband smilingly outflanked her by means of a mirror across the aisle, but she promptly detected and blocked even that loophole. At this moment of seeming utter rout the great god Luck, who sometimes befriended him, deigned to smile. As the train jolted over the last suburban switch to an unimpeded track, he saw a small glove slip gently from Betty's lap to the floor, and struck for it like a ravening hawk. Unhappily, its owner was no less alert, and, the train forwarding their joint efforts, they collided between seats in an attitude which, in a less impassioned moment, the man could only liken to that classic marble styled The Wrestlers.

Speech for the instant failed him. Not so his wife.

"How like you," she dropped.

Her husband accepted the rebuke with humility.

"I suppose so," he assented. "I never was much of a carpet-knight. Probably that was why we didn't make a go of it together."

"How unjust!" she protested. "You know very well I never wanted ——"

The conductor cut in with a request for tickets—a respite which Eastlake employed in a vain endeavor to learn his wife's destination. The ticket's reverse side persistently confronted him, however, and it was not until the official had gone his way and Betty was coiling the thing's inordinate length into a microscopic pocketbook that its legend squarely met his astounded eye.

"Sioux Falls!" he broke out. "Then it's true, Betty? You're going to apply for a Dakota divorce? They told me to expect it, but I laughed them in the face. I wouldn't—I couldn't believe it of you. Tell me it's all a mistake, little woman! Tell me it isn't so!"

She met his look frankly.

"But it is," she answered in a low voice.

With that he went from white to angry red.

"I've done you no wrong," he exclaimed. "You can't lay that at my door. I've lived a foolish life, but, by Heaven, it's been a clean one. What cause——"

"Cause!" she echoed bitterly. "Isn't it cause enough that we've been spoiling one another's lives?"

He watched her a moment in baffled silence. Then his eyebrows suddenly met in a stern, black line.

"Who was that man at the station?" he demanded harshly.

The effect upon his wife was marked. Wonder, incredulity, then anger, played in rapid sequence across her mobile face. With anger mounted another flood of color.

"It does not concern you," she answered.

"Who was it?" he repeated. "Who, I say?"

For a space they eyed one another, will fighting will. Then, seeming to lay hold upon her resolution by main strength, she said again:

"It does not concern you. I refuse to tell."

"The real cause?" he taunted.

Her chin quivered, then grew firm.

"You wrong me," she replied with a dignity which instantly touched him. "That man is nothing to me. He is a lawyer."

Eastlake drew a long breath.

"I take that back, Betty," he said. "You always played fair. I was a brute to speak as I did; but when I saw him with you to-night, pressing his gimcracks, looking as if——" He choked wrathfully at the recollection, and abruptly ended: "I could have jammed his handsome face beneath the wheels."

She stole a bewildered glance at him. His own face had a wholesome comeliness which suffered nothing by comparison with the one he would have marred, and it just now reflected something infinitely more desirable than physical charm. As she looked and puzzled, he turned and with a flash of insight read her thought.

"Yes, I care, little woman," he owned. "I've always cared."

Her lips parted.

"Don't say it!" he charged. "Nobody knows better than I how seldom my actions squared with my words. But I've done some candid thinking since we took different roads, Betty; and I see, as I couldn't once, that I've been a loafer—just one of the 'idle rich' that the socialists and that lot curse."

"You weren't really idle," came an unexpected demurrer.

"I might as well have been idle. Auto-racing, fox-hunting, polo are well enough as sport; as a profession they're just what you once told me—useless. I see that now. I realize how I disappointed all your fine

HIS READY ASSUMPTION THAT THEY WERE MAN AND WIFE GRIMLY AMUSED EASTLAKE

"WHY, I SIMPLY CAN'T ARRIVE IN CHICAGO IN MY STOCKING-FEET"

ambitions for me. Gad, the chances I've let slip! Think of that Wall Street offer, that berth with the Steel Trust; think of the Congressional nomination! Why, I'll wager there are a million deserving beggars who'd pawn their souls for a go at any one of the opportunities I chucked away."

For an interval he sat glooming down the aisle. His wife gazed steadfastly out into the night.

"I guess it was my throwing over the political chance for a polo tournament that cut you deepest," he went on presently. "That *was* a chance. You always said that I'd get on if I were to go in for politics, Betty, and I feel it in my bones that you're right. I can mix with all sorts of people; it's as easy as breathing for me to make a speech. That brownstone district is our party's by rights. It belongs to the men who either don't register, or play golf all election day when they do. The candidate who can poll that full silk-stocking vote will turn the scale. And I could have got it out! You remember what the fellows in the clubs said they'd do? I'd have won, Betty, won hands down. For once in my life at least you'd have been proud of me."

"I was proud of you in other ways, Tom," said his wife softly, Eastlake's splendid horsemanship flashing uppermost in her mind's eye. "Truly! Don't think I wasn't. And don't think, either, that I hold myself blameless. I could have given you more sympathy than I did. I, too, helped wreck our marriage."

He flushed at her admission.

"That's mighty square of you," he said; "but it's more generous than true."

"Oh, it's true enough. It's plain enough, also, like all wisdom of the day after. But we can't live our lives twice. The big chances don't come twice a-begging."

The man straightened suddenly.

"One chance has come again."

His altered tone stirred her.

"One chance has?" she repeated. "Which?"

He bent to her eagerly.

"The political one. Conditions haven't changed much since two years ago. The district leader has been to me again. He's asked me a second time to make the run. Shall I wire him 'Yes,' Betty? Shall I do it for your sake."

His eyes held a message which she had not read there since their betrothal. Her lips half framed an answer which a more sober thought withheld.

"Leave my sake out of it," she answered steadily. "The decision must be yours alone."

"Oh," said Eastlake slowly, his face shadowing. "I forgot. For a moment I imagined that you still cared."

She made no rejoinder, and the raw porter here put in an appearance with the not altogether inept remark that he had come to make them up. His ready assumption that they were man and wife grimly amused Eastlake. Betty seemed to miss its humor.

"Mine is the upper berth," she whipped in crisply. "And my shoes are muddy, porter. Please don't forget."

Eastlake detained her an instant longer.

"At least use the lower," he entreated in a low tone. "You got a two-day headache from your last upper berth. Do you remember those queer little shelves we had to put up with on that narrow-gauge Mexican road? Take it, Betty."

His wife shook her head without looking at him. He could not see her mouth. His own hardened.

"No favors from me, eh?" he muttered, making way for her to pass. "I'm beyond the pale?"

There was no answer.

He sat long in the smoking compartment, but he brooded more than he smoked. Once when the train halted for a time in a vast cavern of a station he got out. When he sought his berth at last it was after midnight and the incompetent porter was collecting the shoes. Eastlake saw to it that Betty's were not forgotten. Sleep came tardily, and some telepathic sense told him that another was wakeful. Once he started bolt upright from a doze and strained to listen. He could have sworn he heard a woman's sob.

The noise of shrilling brakes roused him at sunrise, and, raising his curtain, Eastlake craned to read the signboard of a rural station which the train was passing at slackened speed. Then he jerked a railroad folder from the miniature hammock slung near his head, ran eye and finger down one of its elusive columns, peered hurriedly at his watch, and began to scramble into his clothes. He groped fruitlessly along the obscurity of the floor for his footwear, and, between impatient jabs at the electric button, probed with an umbrella underneath his berth; but Betty's traveling-bag alone rewarded his soundings. Nor was there any response to his call, though he could hear the porter's bell trill in the far corridor above the rumble of the wheels; and rummaging an extra pair of shoes from his own bag he tore toward the dressing-room.

His toilette complete, he ran the Pullman conductor to cover in a near-by coach. It was on his mind to read this person a vigorous lesson on the management of sleeping-cars, but the intention lost itself in a laugh which still shook him as he reëntered the Esmeralda and carefully explored its floor. He hesitated before his own section, then, gathering courage, stooped and with all caution drew his wife's bag from beneath the lower berth, and tried its fastenings. To find it locked was but a momentary embarrassment. Betty's duplicate keys still hung beside his own, and in a trice the bag yawned before him with the object of his burglarious quest lying obligingly at hand. He had only just closed the bag and popped it back again when the throes of the hangings warned him that Betty was astir, and hunting out a stepladder, which he placed within her reach, he retreated to the corridor and posted himself before the porter's annunciator to await events.

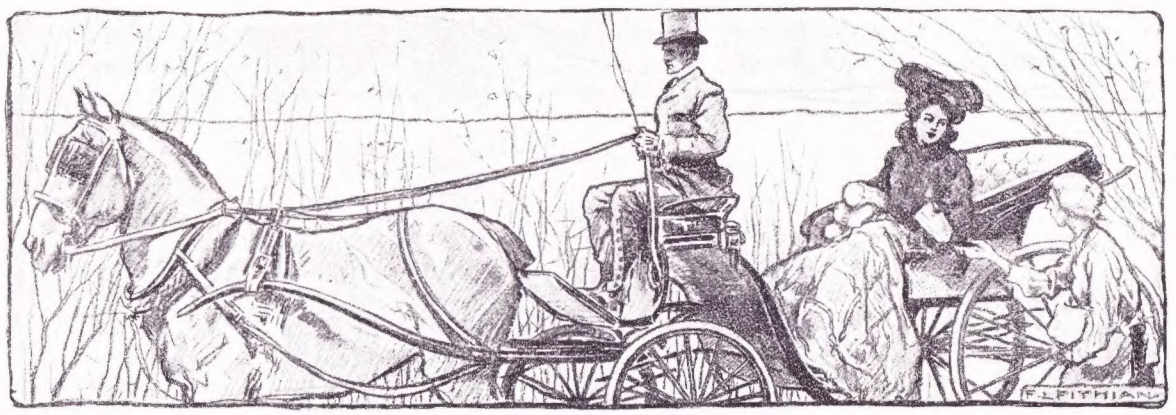
They came. The call sounded once, twice, a third and then a fourth time at diminishing intervals, and a little metal finger quivered at the number indicating Betty's berth. At the final summons the mechanism hissed like a maddened

(*Concluded on Page 26*)

The Most Charitable Nation

How One Half of England Helps the Other Half

By James Davenport Whelpley



IN THE fog and piercing chill of a winter day a thousand men were gathered before the door of an office building on one of the great London docks. It was just before Christmas, but there was no holiday cheer in the unshaven faces drawn with suffering from hunger and cold, and the gaunt, ill-clad forms were huddled together, seeking some protection from the searching wind. Each man of the thousand eyed his neighbor distrustfully, almost savagely.

Within the building stood the foreman of the dock company. His face was grave and his manner irresolute. He had issued a call for forty men for a few hours' work, and as he looked out of the window at the mob in the street even he, hardened as he was to scenes of this description, quailed before the task of selection. Finally, he took from a box forty brass checks such as are current on the docks as passports to a job. Opening the window quickly, he flung them wide over the heads of the waiting crowd. There was an instant's hesitation, for the mind benumbed by cold and hunger is slow to act, then—the strongest got them. The forty men, clasping the precious talismans in their grimy hands, filed through a near-by gate to labor, and then to eat. The others slowly shambled away, some cursing and some crying in their disappointment, not knowing in which direction to take up again their dreary search for work. For England is in the grip of a severe winter, coming at a time when industry is at a low ebb and many breadearners are idle.

Thousands of men, the unemployed and the unemployable, are tramping the streets of English cities by day and by night. Thousands of women, many of them with children in their arms and clinging to their skirts, are begging from door to door and of every passer-by for money or food. Yet but few of these wretched beings will really die of exposure and starvation, for the English people are the most charitable in the world, not with a careless, free-handed generosity, but in a real English way, seriously, methodically and effectively.

Support of the deficient, the helpless, the unfortunate and even the vicious idle is part and parcel of the English law and life. This may have originated in the responsibility of the feudal lord for the welfare of his humbler retainers, or it may come from the economic necessity of those who have caring for those who have not, in order to reduce to a safe minimum the discontent and crime born of old-world conditions. Whatever may be its origin, the charity of the English is one of the marvels of the present age, and in proportion to the population it becomes ever greater, more stupendous in its figures and far-reaching in its efficiency. It knows no class, no degree of wealth or intelligence. The lady of rank and position who contributes $50,000 each year to King Edward's Hospital Fund plays her part in this tremendous scheme no better or no worse than the Salvation Army lassie who walks the streets of London carrying a tin box in which to gather pennies to buy dinners for the prowlers of the East End.

The action of forty-one English men and women of wealth who died last year and willed $8,000,000 to charity, this being more than one-third of their entire estates, excited little comment, for to the English mind, all personal responsibilities being fully provided for, no more natural disposition of property could be made.

The British Navy, the largest in the world, cost $150,000,000 last year, and yet far more than this sum is invested in charitable endowment and trust funds in England and Wales. To maintain the British Army costs $160,000,000 annually, and yet this expenditure does not amount to the sum paid out in England and Wales during a single year for the relief of the poor and unfortunate. The population of England and Wales is but 32,600,000, included in about 7,000,000 families. Necessarily, from only a comparatively small number of the households represented by these figures must come all of the millions in money for the support of the nonproductive and dependent element in the population.

The rich give freely and enormously, but it is the people of moderate means who contribute most largely. There is a book published in England called The Charitable Ten Thousand. It is the Who's Who of those who have and give. These ten thousand are merely the aristocracy of the givers, however, for half of the money expended for the relief of distress is raised by taxation, and the largest part of the other half is raised shilling by shilling, and even penny by penny, from the savings banks of the charitable and the slender incomes of the employed.

"Supported by Voluntary Contributions" is the legend which runs across the front of the thousands of hospitals and refuge homes for unfortunates of all descriptions. Eight thousand or more associations for charity in London alone; 30,000, they say, in England and Wales. Twenty-four thousand of them are actually recorded by the Charity Commissioners, and many escape this notice, or, for some technical reason, are not placed upon the list. They are seen everywhere. In the fashionable West End of the metropolis they are fine and imposing, bear impressive names, and count royalty among their patrons; but no neighborhood is too lowly for their existence, and in the heart of the blackest slums of East London the sombre brick wall, the worn doorstep and the patient, sad-faced men and women who come

THE SALVATION ARMY GOES ON ENTHUSIASTICALLY

and go on their errands of mercy tell of the modest relief made to go as far as it will where so many are in need.

The basis of poor relief in England is $65,000,000 raised by taxation each year and expended in indoor and outdoor relief of paupers. During a single day, when the weather is bad and times are hard, nearly 1,000,000 people are helped from this fund, and thus make themselves paupers in the eye of the law. There are less than 100,000 indoor paupers in the United States among 80,000,000 people. There are nearly that many in the city of London alone. This taxation represents a per capita of two dollars upon the entire population of England and Wales, and when the actual taxpayers are counted it amounts to a monthly wage for every able-bodied man. Fortunately, the great landed estates bear their proportionate share of this tax, or the average citizen would be crushed by the weight of his enforced contribution to aid his dependent brother. It is in this direction that the evils of great wars visit themselves upon quarrelsome nations, for during the periods following the great English conflicts pauperism has increased enormously. The effects of the South African War are still apparent and add to the terrors of a hard winter and no work. A large number of those now seeking employment are discharged soldiers.

The sum raised by taxation ostensibly for poor relief is really double that stated as expended in the direct maintenance of paupers, for the figures show the enormous total of $125,000,000. From this fund, however, contributions are made to police and other like government expenses considered as akin to the care of the poor, so closely allied are crime and poverty. In the great unions, or poorhouses, of the cities and in the cottage unions of the villages are found the indoor paupers. To the offices of the overseers of the poor come the outdoor mendicants for their daily relief. Men, women and children form this sad procession, for poverty, hunger and cold know no age or sex. The vicious and the slothful elbow the worthy and the energetic for whom circumstances have proved too much, for the law of the poor relief does not discriminate. The money is to remedy want, and want is the sole qualification to share in its benefits.

Next in importance to the distribution of the poor relief fund raised by taxation is the work of the Charity Commissioners, who are the official trustees of charitable endowments and bequests. Not a dollar of the original sums received is given away. The money is invested in standard securities and only the income is dispensed. The capital now controlled by these Commissioners amounts to $130,000,000, the income from which last year was nearly $3,500,000. This income is necessarily small in proportion to the capital invested, for money brings a low rate of interest in England, and such investments are limited to absolutely safe securities. It is interesting to note that among the securities held by these commissioners are several thousand dollars in American railway shares.

From this official field, large enough in itself, we enter the still vaster field of voluntary charities which are not endowed, though they may have some money invested, and which rely mainly or entirely upon voluntary contributions for their support—that is to say, to pay their running expenses. This feature of English charity is tremendous and marvelously varied in its purpose, for it includes purveying to every known want of the human family, from actual food to free amusement or even aid to emigration. The amount so expended is indeterminable, indefinite in its character and impossible to trace to its sources. It ranges from the great sums collected by such charities—as King Edward's Hospital Fund, which amounted to $3,000,000 last year—to the chance penny dropped in the box by a passer-by whose eye has been caught by an appeal upon the door. When it is realized that nearly 30,000 charitable institutions are so maintained, some of them expending hundreds of thousands of dollars each for annual expenses, some idea can be gained of the amount of money poured forth by the English people in response to the call to give. Whatever the sum may be—$50,000,000, or perhaps even $100,000,000—it represents, together with official expenditures, the support or partial relief of at least one-half the entire population by the other half.

The great city companies give half a million of their income to charity, the churches pour a constant stream of money into the charitable till. The donation to the helpless is a feature of the annual financial report of every big corporation. Before the water companies of London were bought by the municipality their contributions to charity were a large and regular item in the reports made to the stockholders. In special periods of distress, such as are occurring frequently this winter, the business men of all the large English cities meet often with the local authorities to devise ways and means to find employment for hungry men and help for helpless women and children. Large sums are subscribed for special purposes, public works of no pressing necessity are undertaken, and committees of the well-to-do devote days of their time to arrangements necessary to care for the unfortunate. At such times as this the Salvation Army feeds, clothes and shelters over night thousands of those in need, asking no questions, requiring no references, and only limiting the aid given by the amount of available supplies. Soup-kitchens are opened in all parts of London by all kinds of charitable organizations, and a hot dinner can be bought for a penny at a score of stations.

It is at these times that the terrible evil of drink, the curse of Great Britain, comes prominently to the fore. There are 11,000 dram-shops in London, and in the city proper there is one to every forty-three of the population. The liquor bill of England and Wales amounts to about twenty-two dollars per capita. It is all incurred, however, by about one-half of the population, and over two-thirds of the amount by people whose incomes are less than $750 a year. In a single English village with a total population of a little over 6000 more than 1500 gallons of beer are consumed each week.

Smart society plays its part in this great scheme of "support your neighbor." Sales and bazars, concerts and plays, garden parties and receptions, command the presence of royalty and its following. With jest, quip and gossip the time is spent, but the money constantly pours into the laps of those who are there to receive it. There are no salaries or commissions to be deducted here, and, in time, the golden shower is converted into pennies and spreads itself among the needy. Many a struggling charitable institution has been saved from extinction in this apparently light-hearted way. But the purpose is serious and fully realized, for the English are a serious and purposeful people.

To recall the satires on English charity of a generation ago would be unjust. There are no longer organizations for supplying woolen blankets to the natives of the tropics, for they have been laughed or reasoned out of existence. There may be a few where the expense of the annual dinner to the subscribers is greater than the sum given to the needy. There are undoubtedly some where a shrewd and hardworking secretary maintains himself in a position by keeping his society in a more or less flourishing condition.

THERE WAS NO HOLIDAY CHEER IN THE UNSHAVEN FACES DRAWN WITH SUFFERING FROM HUNGER AND COLD

The expense of administering this charitable fund of so many millions is great, but, on the other hand, many people of all classes, professional and otherwise, are kept employed thereby, and much of the money passes directly to the beneficiaries without the smallest toll being taken therefrom by those who handle it.

For years a single bread-line has been a constant source of interest in New York as a unique feature of life in that great city. There are hundreds of bread-lines in London, for the small shops and cafés, as well as the big caterers, give away their surplus food every night. But a short square from Piccadilly Circus, the heart of night London, is a small, dark street upon which open the rear doors of some of the great cafés which face the electric glare of the theatre district, and through the front doors of which enters the rout of fashion for its dinners and its theatre suppers. Just before midnight—when the great rush of the carriages of the pleasure-seekers adds to the roar and rumble of city traffic until it drums on the ears in a never-to-be-forgotten sound—a long line of men, women and children files through the narrow back street and each takes his or her toll of the crumbs that fall.

WITH CHILDREN IN THEIR ARMS AND CLINGING TO THEIR SKIRTS

In sharp contrast to this sordid poverty and the blunt charity which saves life are the pleasanter and more graceful forms of benefaction which are a credit to the instincts of the givers and do not wound the pride of the recipient. Funds for the relief of "decayed gentlewomen," "distressed gentlefolk," and many others in reduced circumstances are dispensed with care and delicate consideration. Every form of employment has its benefit association, and many English men and women of great title and commanding financial position lend their names and give of their means to the humblest efforts to provide relief.

That there is controversy as to the wisdom of certain forms of giving is to be expected. The charity organizations oppose the methods of the Salvation Army, and in turn the Salvation Army goes on enthusiastically, even joyously, with its scheme of indiscriminate relief.

To be the lady of the manor is no sinecure. For miles about the cottage tenants and dependents look to the great house on the hill for help in times of stress and illness. Milady's carriage goes from house to house, the occupant dispensing advice and tea, making notes of things to be done, and listening to tales of trouble which must fall at times upon weary and impatient ears. From the rear entrance of the manor-house a score of heavily-laden baskets go weekly to neighborhood families in need, and clothing is scarcely worn but a suggestion is made that John or Tammas or some other faithful but grumbling retainer stands in greater need thereof than the master.

The rich American, charmed by the possibilities of life in rural England, who leases a manor-house and an estate takes over to himself a bundle of such responsibilities little dreamed of in his philosophy and certainly not included in his first estimate of running expenses. The first few weeks of his occupancy he spends getting acquainted with "his people." New faces constantly appear, and it is explained to the bewildered foreigner that So-and-So has lived on the estate for fifty years "man and boy, and his father and grandfather before him"—and he finds they indeed are "his people," presenting themselves to be fed, clothed, doctored and generally looked after with a childlike confidence.

It has lately been borne in upon the English mind that there must come a limit to the power of one-half of the people to support the other half, a limit to the power of giving. They are now watching anxiously for the signs of the future, and radical changes in English policies have been proposed in hopes of checking the tendency of the unfortunate to lay their burdens upon the shoulders of others. In the mean time the work of relief goes on, more tremendous in its financial significance than support of the military arm of the Government. Beside it other details of national expense sink into unimportance. English charity is magnificent in the sum contributed, but still more magnificent is the spirit in which these hundreds of millions are given away.

A DIARY FROM DIXIE

DRAWN BY EMLEN MCCONNELL

By Mary Boykin Chesnut

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 13, 1862.—This is the anniversary of Decca's wedding. I remember how, a year ago, we were all lying on the bed or sofas taking it coolly. Mrs. Singleton had the floor. She said Decca and Alex were engaged before they went up to Charlottesville. Alexander was on Gregg's staff, and Gregg was not hard on him. Decca was the worst in love girl she ever saw. Letters came while we were at the hospital, from Alex, urging her to let him marry her at once. In war times human events, life especially, was very uncertain.

For several days consecutively she cried without ceasing, and then she consented. The rooms at the hospital were all crowded. Decca and I slept together in the same room. It was arranged by letter that the marriage should take place; a luncheon at her grandfather Minor's, and then she was to depart with Alex for a few days at Richmond. That was to be their brief slice of honeymoon.

The day came. The wedding breakfast was ready, so was the bride in all her bridal array; but no Alex, no bridegroom. Alas! such is the uncertainty of a soldier's life. The bride said nothing, but she wept like a water-nymph. At dinner she plucked up heart, and at my earnest request was about to join us. And then the cry, "The bridegroom cometh!" He brought his best man and other friends. We had a jolly dinner. "Circumstances over which he had no control" had kept him away.

His father sat next to Decca and talked to her all the time as if she had been already married. It was a piece of absent-mindedness on his part, pure and simple, but it was very trying, and the girl had had a good deal to stand that morning. Immediately after dinner the belated bridegroom proposed a walk; so they went up the mountain. Decca, upon her return, said to me: "Send for Robert Barnwell. I mean to be married to-day."

"Impossible. No spare room in the house. No getting away from here; the trains all gone. Don't you know this hospital is filled to the ceiling?" "Alex says I promised to marry him to-day. It is not his fault; he could not come before." I shook my head. "I don't care," said the positive little thing; "I promised Alex to marry him to-day, and I will. Send for the Rev. Robert Barnwell." We found Robert after a world of trouble, and the bride, lovely in Swiss muslin, was married.

Then I proposed they should take another walk, and went to one of my sister nurses and begged her to take me in for the night, as I wished to resign my room to Mr. and Mrs. Haskell. At daylight next day they took the train for Richmond—such is the small allowance of honeymoon permitted in wartime.

JUNE 14.—Some one spoke to-day of poor Luryea and the coincidences of his life. His mother was at a hotel in Charleston when kind-hearted Anna de Leon Moses went for her sister-in-law, and gave up her own chamber, that her child might be born in the comfort and privacy of a home. So little Luryea was born in Anna de Leon's room. After Chickahominy, when he, now a man, was mortally wounded, again Anna, who was living in Richmond, found him and brought him home, though her house was crowded to the doorsteps. She gave up her chambers to him, and so, as he had been born in her room so in her room he died.

I was talking to a man from New Orleans about recent events there. "Tell us of the women folk at New Orleans; how did they take the fall of the city?" "They are an excitable race," the man from that city said. As my informant was standing on the levee a daintily-dressed lady picked her way, parasol in hand, toward him. She accosted him with great politeness, and her face was as placid and unmoved as in *ante-bellum* days. Her first question was, "Will you be so kind as to tell me what is the last general order?" "No order that I know of, madam; General Disorder prevails now." "Ah, I see; and why are those persons flying and yelling so noisily and racing in the streets in that unseemly way?" "They are looking for a shell to burst over their heads at any moment." "Ah!" Then, with a courtesy of dignity and grace, she waved her sunshade and departed, but stopped to arrange her parasol at a proper angle to protect her face from the sun. There was no vulgar haste in her movements. She tripped away as gracefully as she came, the one self-possessed soul then in New Orleans.

Another woman drew near so overheated and out of breath she had barely time to say "she had run miles of squares in her crazy terror and bewilderment," when a sudden shower came up. In a second she was cool and calm. She forgot all the questions she came to ask. "My bonnet, I must save it at any sacrifice," she said, and so turned her dress over her head and went off, forgetting her country's trouble and screaming for a cab.

MRS. GOVERNOR PICKENS

Wade Hampton still limps a little, but he is rapidly recovering. Here is what he said, and he has fought so well that he is listened to: "If we mean to play at war as we play a game of chess, West Point tactics prevailing, we are sure to lose the game. They have every advantage. They can lose pawns *ad infinitum*, to the end of time, and never feel it. We will be throwing away all that we had hoped so much from—Southern hot-headed dash, reckless gallantry, spirit of adventure, readiness to lead forlorn hopes."

JUNE 25.—I forgot to tell of Mrs. Pickens' reception for General Hampton. My Mem dear described it all. "The Governess" ("Tut, Mem! that is not the right name for her—she is not a teacher." "Never mind, it is the easier to say than the Governor's wife." "Madame la Gouvernante" was suggested. Why? That is worse than the other.) "met him at the door, took his crutch away, putting his hand upon her shoulder instead. "That is the way to greet heroes," she said. Her blue eyes were aflame, and in response poor Wade smiled and smiled until his face hardened into a fixed grin of embarrassment and annoyance. He is a simple-mannered man, you know, and does not want to be made much of by women.

The butler was not in plain clothes, but wore, as the other servants did, magnificent livery brought from the Court of St. Petersburg, one mass of gold embroidery, etc. They had champagne, Russian tea, a samovar thing to make tea in as it is made in Russia. Now, for us they have never put their servants into Russian livery, but I must confess the Russian tea and champagne set before us left nothing to be desired. "How did General Hampton bear his honors?" "Well, to the last he looked as if he wished they would let him alone."

Mrs. Bartow's story of a clever Miss Toombs: So many men were in love with her, and the courtship, while it lasted, of each one was as exciting and bewildering as a fox-chase. She liked the fun of the run, but she wanted something more than to know a man was in mad pursuit of her; that he should love her she agreed, but she must love him, too. How was she to tell? Yet she must be certain of it before she said "Yes." So as they sat by the lamp she would look at him and inwardly ask herself: "Would I be willing to spend the long winter evenings forever after sitting here darning your old stockings?" Never, echo answered. No, no, a thousand times no. So they had to make way for another.

JUNE 27.—Decca Haskell is dead. That poor little darling! Shortly after her baby was born she took it into her head that Alex was killed. He was wounded, but they had not told her of it. She surprised them by asking, "Does any one know how the battle has gone since Alex was killed?" She could not read for a day or so before she died. Her head was bewildered, but she would not let any one else touch her letters; so she died with several unopened ones in her bosom. Mrs. Singleton, Decca's mother, fainted dead away, but she shed no tears. We went to the house and saw Alex's mother. Annie was with us. She said, "This is the saddest thing for Alex." "No," said his mother, "death

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Editor's Note—This is the third installment of these extracts from the War journal of Mrs. Chesnut, whose husband, a former Senator from South Carolina, was later an aide to Jefferson Davis and prominent in the Confederacy. The fourth will be published in an early number.

is never the saddest thing. If he were not a good man that would be a far worse thing." Annie, in utter amazement, whimpered: "But Alex is so good already." "Yes, seven years ago the death of one of his sisters that he dearly loved made him a Christian. That death in our family was worth a thousand lives."

In a pouring rain we went to Decca's funeral. They buried her in the little white frock she wore when she engaged herself to Alex Haskell, and which she again put on to marry him about a year ago. She lies now in the churchyard, in sight of my window. Is she to be pitied? She said she had had "months of perfect happiness." How many people can say that? So many of us live our long, dreary lives and then happiness never comes to meet us at all. It seems so near, and yet it eludes us forever.

JUNE 28.—Victory! We conquered yesterday at Chickahominy. Victory heads every telegram now; one reads it on the bulletin-board. It is the anniversary of the battle of Fort Moultrie. The enemy went off so quickly, I wonder if it was not a trap laid for us, to lead us away from Richmond to some place where they can manage to do us more harm. And now comes the list of killed and wounded. Victory does not seem to soothe sore hearts. Mrs. Haskell has five sons before the enemy's illimitable cannon; Mrs. Preston two. McClellan is routed and we have 12,000 prisoners. Prisoners! And what are we to do with them? We can't feed our own people.

JULY 8.—Mr. Chesnut says he was riding with the President when Colonel Browne, his aide, was along. The general commanding rode up and, bowing politely, said: "Mr. President, am I in command here?" "Yes." "Then I forbid you to stand here under the enemy's guns. Any exposure of a life like yours is wrong, and this is useless exposure. You must go back." Mr. Davis answered: "Certainly; I will set an example of obedience to orders. Discipline must be maintained." But he did not go back.

JULY 12.—At McMahon's our small colonel, Paul Hayne's son, came into my room. To amuse the child I gave him a photograph-album to look over. "You have Lincoln in your book!" said he. "I am astonished at you. I hate him!" And he placed the book on the floor and struck Old Abe in the face with his fist.

An Englishman told me Lincoln has said that had he known such a war would follow his election he never would have set foot in Washington, nor have been inaugurated. He had never dreamed of this awful fratricidal bloodshed. That does not seem like the true John Brown spirit. I was very glad to hear it—to hear something from the President of the United States which was not merely a vulgar joke, and usually a joke so vulgar that you were ashamed to laugh, funny though it was. They say Seward has gone to England and his wily tongue will turn all hearts against us.

Alex Haskell has come. I saw him ride up about dusk and go into the graveyard. I shut up my windows on that side. Poor fellow!

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Alex Haskell has come. I saw him ride up about dusk and go into the graveyard. I shut up my windows on that side. Poor fellow!

JULY 21.—Mrs. Browne described the Prince of Wales, whose manners, it seems, differ from those of Mrs. ——, who arraigned us from morn to dewy eve, and upbraided us with our ill-bred manners and customs. The Prince, when he was in this country, conformed at once to whatever he saw was the way of those in whose house he was. He closely imitated President Buchanan's way of doing things. He took off his gloves at once when he saw that the President

FROM AN OLD PHOTO. BY R. WEARN, COLUMBIA, S. C.

GENERAL CHESNUT, HUSBAND OF THE AUTHOR

wore none. He began by bowing to the people who were presented to him, but, when he saw Mr. Buchanan shaking hands, he shook hands, too. When smoking affably with Browne on the White House piazza he expressed his content with the fine cigars Browne had given him. The President said, "I was keeping some excellent ones for you, but Browne has got ahead of me." Long after Mr. Buchanan had gone to bed the Prince ran into his room in a jolly, boyish way and said: "Mr. Buchanan, I have come for the fine cigars you have for me."

FLAT ROCK, NORTH CAROLINA, August 8.—What has not my husband been doing this year, 1862, when all our South Carolina troops are in Virginia? Here we were without soldiers or arms. He raised an army, so to speak, and imported arms through the Trenholm firm. He had arms to sell to the Confederacy. He laid the foundation of a nitre-bed; and the Confederacy sent to Columbia to learn of Professor Le Conte how to begin theirs. He bought up all the old arms and had them altered and repaired. He built ships. He imported clothes and shoes for our soldiers, of which things they had long stood sorely in need. He imported cotton cards and set all idle hands carding and weaving. All the world was set to spinning cotton. He tried to stop the sale of whisky, and, alas! he called for reserves—that is, men over age—and he committed the unforgivable offense of sending the sacred negro property to work on fortifications away from their owners' plantations.

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PORTLAND, ALABAMA, July 8, 1863.—As we came to Camden a man came into our car, stood up, and read from a paper, "The surrender of Vicksburg." I felt a hard blow struck on the top of my head, and my heart took one of its queer turns. I was utterly unconscious: not long, I dare say. The first thing I heard was exclamations of various sorts from some fellow-passengers. My rage and humiliation were great. A man within earshot of this news had slept through everything. He had a greyhound face, eager and inquisitive when awake, but now he was as one of the Seven Sleepers.

Colonel Goodwyn wrote on a blank page of my book (one of De Quincey's—the note is there now) that the sleeper was a Richmond detective.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, August —.—Major Edward Johnson did not get into the Confederacy until after the first battle of Manassas. For some cause, before he could evade that potentate, Seward rang his little bell and sent him to a prison in the harbor of New York. I forget whether he was exchanged or escaped of his own motion. The next thing I heard of my *ante-bellum* friend, he had defeated Milroy in Western Virginia. There were so many Johnsons that for this victory they named him Alleghany Johnson.

He had an odd habit of falling into a state of incessant winking as soon as he became the least startled or agitated. In such times he seemed persistently to be winking one eye at you. He meant nothing by it, and in point of fact did not know himself that he was doing it. In Mexico he had been wounded in the eye, and the nerve vibrates independent of his will. During the winter of 1862 and 1863 he was on crutches. After a while he hobbled down Franklin Street with us, we proud to accommodate our pace to that of the wounded general. His ankle continued stiff; so when he sat down another chair had to be put before him. On this he stretched out his stiff leg, straight as a ramrod. At that time he was our only wounded knight, and the girls waited on him and made life pleasant for him. He was devoted to taffy.

One night I listened to two love tales at once, in a distracted state of mind between the two. William Porcher Miles, in a perfectly modulated voice, in cadenced accents and low tones, was narrating the happy end of his affair. He had been engaged to sweet little Bettie Bierne, and I gave him my congratulations with all my heart. It was a capital match, suitable in every way: good for her and good for him. I was deeply interested in Mr. Miles' story, but there was din and discord on the other hand; old Edward, our pet general, sat diagonally across the room with one leg straight out, wrapped in red carpet leggins, as red as a turkey-cock in the face. His head is strangely shaped, like a cone or an old-fashioned beehive; or, as Buck said, there are three tiers of it: it is like a Pope's tiara.

There he sat, with a loud voice and a thousand winks, making love to Mary P. I make no excuse for listening. It was impossible not to hear him. I tried not to lose a word of Mr. Miles' idyl as the despair of the veteran was thundered into my other ear. I lent an ear to each conversationalist. Mary cannot altogether control her voice, and her shrill screams of negation, "No, no, never!" etc., utterly failed to suppress her wounded lover's obstreperous asseverations of his undying affection for her.

Buck said afterward: "We heard every word of it on our side of the room, even when Mamie shrieked to him that he was talking too loud. 'Now, Mamie,' said we later, 'do you think it was kind to tell him he was forty if he was a day?'"

Strange to say, the pet general, Edward, rehabilitated his love in a day; at least two days after he was heard to say that he was "paying attentions now to his cousin, John Preston's second daughter; her name, Sally, but they called her Buck—Sally Buchanan Campbell Preston, a lovely girl." And with her he now drove, rode, and hobbled on his crutches, sent her his photograph, and in due time cannonaded her from the same spot where he had courted Mary with proposals to marry him.

Buck was never so decided in her "Noes" as Mary. ("Not so loud, at least"—thus in amendment says Buck, who always reads what I have written, and makes comments of assent or dissent.) So again he began to thunder in a woman's ears his tender passion. As they rode down Franklin Street, Buck says she knows the people on the sidewalk heard snatches of the conversation, though she rode as rapidly as she could, and she begged him not to talk so loud. Finally they dashed up to our door as if they had been running a race. Unfortunate in love, but fortunate in war, our general is now winning new laurels with Ewell in the Valley or with the Army of the Potomac.

As for Mr. Miles, that evening he spoke of sweet little Bettie Bierne as if she had been a French girl, just from a convent, kept far from the haunts of men wholly for him. One would think to hear him that Bettie had never cast those innocent blue eyes of hers on a man until he came along.

Now, since I first knew Miss Bierne in 1857, when Pat Calhoun was to the fore, she has been followed by a long line of men. Every summer at the Springs, their father appeared in the ballroom a little before twelve and chased the three beautiful Biernes home before him in spite of all entreaties, and he was said to frown away their too numerous assent or dissent.) So again he began to thunder in a woman's ears his tender passion. As they rode down Franklin Street, Buck says she knows the people on the sidewalk heard snatches of the conversation, though she rode as rapidly as she could, and she begged him not to talk so loud. Finally they dashed up to our door as if they had been running a race. Unfortunate in love, but fortunate in war, our general is now winning new laurels with Ewell in the Valley or with the Army of the Potomac.

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This new engagement was confided to me as a profound secret. Of course, I did not mention it, even to my own household. Next day little Alston, Morgan's adjutant, and George Deas called. As Colonel Deas removed his gloves he said: "Oh, the Miles and Bierne imbroglio—have you heard of it?" "No, what is the row about?" "They were engaged to be married; that's all." "Who told you?" "Miles himself." "And did he not beg you not to mention

(*Continued on Page 27*)

PHOTO. BY RECKLING & SONS COLUMBIA, S. C.

MRS. WADE HAMPTON IN THE SIXTIES

FROM AN OLD PHOTO.

GENERAL AND MRS. MORGAN

THE DUEL ON THE TRAIL

By Charles G. D. Roberts

WHITE and soft over the wide, sloping upland lay the snow, marked across with the zigzag, gray lines of the fences, and spotted here and there with little clumps of woods or patches of bushy pasture. The sky above was as white as the earth below, being mantled with snow-laden cloud not yet ready to spill its feathery burden on the world. One little farmhouse, far down the valley, served but to emphasize the spacious emptiness of the silent winter landscape.

Out from one of the snow-streaked thickets jumped a white rabbit, its long ears waving nervously, and paused for a second to look back with a frightened air. It had realized that some enemy was on its trail, but what that enemy was it did not know. After this moment of perilous hesitation, it went leaping forward across the open, leaving a vivid track in the soft surface snow. The little animal's discreet alarm, however, was dangerously corrupted by its curiosity; and at the lower edge of the field, before going through a snake fence and entering another thicket, it stopped, stood up as erect as possible on its strong hind quarters, and again looked back. As it did so the unknown enemy revealed himself, just emerging, a slender and sinister black shape, from the upper thicket. A quiver of fear passed over the rabbit's nerves. Its curiosity all effaced, it went through the fence with an elongated leap and plunged into the bushes in a panic. Here it doubled upon itself twice in a short circle, trusting by this well-worn device to confuse the unswerving pursuer. Then, breaking out upon the lower side of the thicket, it resumed its headlong flight across the fields.

Meanwhile the enemy, a large mink, was following the trail with the dogged persistence of a sleuth-hound. Sure of his methods, he did not pause to see what the quarry was doing, but kept his eyes and nose occupied with the fresh tracks. His speed was not less than that of the rabbit, and his endurance vastly greater. Being very long in the body, and extremely short in the legs, he ran in a most peculiar fashion, arching his lithe back almost like a measuring-worm and straightening out like a steel spring suddenly released. These sinuous bounds were grotesque enough in appearance, but ingularly effective. The trail they made, overlapping that of the rabbit, but quite distinct from it, varied according to the depth of the surface snow. Where the snow lay thin, just deep enough to receive an imprint, the mink's small feet left a series of delicate, innocent-looking marks, much less formidable in appearance than those of the pad-footed fugitive. But where the loose snow had gathered deeper the mink's long body and sinewy tail from time to time stamped themselves unmistakably.

When the mink reached the second thicket, his keen and experienced craft penetrated at once the poor ruses of the fugitive. Cutting across the circlings of the trail, he picked it up again with implacable precision, making almost a straight line through the underbrush. When he emerged again into the open the rabbit was in full view ahead.

The next strip of woodland in the fugitive's path was narrow and dense. Below it, in a patch of hillocky pasture-ground sloping to a pond of steel-bright ice, a red fox was diligently hunting. He ran hither and thither, furtive but seemingly erratic, poking his nose into half-covered moss-tufts and under the roots of dead stumps, looking for mice or shrews. He found a couple of the latter, but these were small satisfaction to his vigorous winter appetite. Presently he paused, lifted his narrow, cunning nose toward the woods, and appeared to ponder the advisability of going on a rabbit hunt. His fine, tawny, ample brush of a tail gently swept the light snow behind him as he stood undecided.

All at once he crouched flat upon the snow, quivering with excitement, like a puppy about to jump at a wind-blown leaf. He had seen the rabbit emerging from the woods. Absolutely motionless he lay, so still that in spite of his warm coloring he might have been taken for a fragment of dead wood. And as he watched, tense with anticipation, he saw the rabbit run into a long, hollow log, which lay half veiled in a cluster of dead weeds. Instantly he darted forward, ran at top speed, and crouched before the lower end of the log, where he knew the rabbit must come out.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

AS THE MINK DARTED OUT OF THE LOG HE STOPPED SHORT AND STARED AT THE INTRUDER

Within a dozen seconds the mink arrived, and followed the fugitive straight into his ineffectual retreat. Such narrow quarters were just what the mink loved. The next instant the rabbit shot forth—to be caught in mid-air by the waiting fox, and die before it had time to realize in what shape doom had come upon it.

All unconscious that he was trespassing upon another's hunt, the fox with a skillful jerk of his head flung the limp and sprawling victim across his shoulder, holding it by one leg, and started away down the slope toward his lair on the other side of the pond.

As the mink's long body darted out from the hollow log he stopped short, crouched flat upon the snow with twitching tail, and stared at the triumphant intruder with eyes that suddenly blazed red. The trespass was no less an insult than an injury; and many of the wild kindreds show themselves possessed of a nice sensitiveness on the point of their personal dignity. For an animal of the mink's size the fox was an overwhelmingly powerful antagonist, to be avoided with care under all ordinary circumstances. But to the disappointed hunter, his blood hot from the long, exciting chase, this present circumstance seemed by no means ordinary. Noiseless as a shadow, and swift and stealthy as a snake, he sped after the leisurely fox, and with one snap bit through the great tendon of his right hindleg, permanently laming him.

As the pang went through him, and the maimed leg gave way beneath his weight, the fox dropped his burden and turned savagely upon his unexpected assailant. The mink, however, had sprung away, and lay crouched in readiness on the snow, eying his enemy malignantly. With a fierce snap of his long, punishing jaws the fox rushed upon him. But—the mink was not there. With a movement so quick as fairly to elude the sight, he was now crouching several yards away, watchful, vindictive, menacing. The fox made two more short rushes, in vain; then he, too, crouched, considering the situation, and glaring at his slender, black antagonist. The mink's small eyes were lit with a smoldering, ruddy glow, sinister and implacable; while rage and pain had cast over the eyes of the fox a peculiar greenish opalescence.

For perhaps half a minute the two lay motionless, though quivering with the intensity of restraint and expectation. Then, with lightning suddenness, the fox repeated his dangerous rush. But again the mink was not there. As composed as if he had never moved a hair, he was lying about three yards to one side, glaring with that same immutable hate.

At this the fox seemed to realize that it was no use trying to catch so elusive a foe The realization came to him slowly—and slowly, sullenly, he arose and turned away, ignoring the prize which he could not carry off. With an awkward limp he started across the ice, seeming to scorn his small but troublesome antagonist.

Having thus recovered the spoils, and succeeded in scoring his point over so mighty an adversary, the mink might have been expected to let the matter rest and quietly reap the profit of his triumph. But all the vindictiveness of his ferocious and implacable tribe was now aroused. Vengeance, not victory, was his craving. When the fox had gone about a dozen feet, all at once the place where the mink had been crouching was empty. Almost in the same instant, as it seemed, the fox was again, and mercilessly, bitten through the leg.

This time, although the fox had seemed to be ignoring the foe, he turned like a flash to meet the assault. Again, however, he was just too late. His mad rush, the snapping of his long jaws, availed him nothing. The mink crouched, eying him, ever just beyond his reach. A gleam of something very close to fear came into his furious eyes as he turned again to continue his reluctant retreat.

Again, and again, and yet again, the mink repeated his elusive attack, each time inflicting a deep and disastrous wound, and each time successfully escaping the counter-assault. The trail of the fox was now streaked and flecked with scarlet, and both his hindlegs dragged heavily. He reached the edge of the smooth ice and turned at bay. The mink drew back, cautious for all his hate. Then the fox started across the steel-gray glair, picking his steps that he might have firm foothold.

A few seconds later the mink once more delivered his thrust. Feinting toward the enemy's right, he swerved with that snakelike celerity of his, and bit deep into the tender upper edge of the fox's thigh, where it plays over the groin.

It was a cunning and deadly stroke. But in recovering from it, to dart away again to safe distance, his feet slipped, ever so little, on the shining surface of the ice. The delay was but for the minutest fraction of a second. But in that minutest fraction lay the fox's opportunity. His wheel and spring were this time not too late. His jaws closed about the mink's slim backbone and crunched it to fragments. The lean, black shape straightened out with a sharp convulsion and lay still on the ice.

Though fully aware of the efficacy and finality of that bite, the fox set his teeth again and again, with curious deliberation of movement, into the limp and unresisting form. Then, with his tongue hanging a little from his bloody jaws, he lifted his head and stared, with a curious, wavering, anxiously doubtful look, over the white, familiar fields. The world, somehow, looked strange and blurry to him. He turned, leaving the dead mink on the ice, and painfully retraced his deeply-crimsoned trail. Just ahead was the opening in the log, the way to that privacy which he desperately craved. The code of all the aristocrats of the wild kindred, subtly binding even in that supreme hour, forbade that he should consent to yield himself to death in the garish publicity of the open. With the last of his strength he crawled into the log, till just the bushy tip of his tail protruded to betray him. There he lay down with one paw over his nose, and sank into the long sleep. For an hour the frost bit hard upon the fields, stiffening to stone the bodies but now so hot with eager life. Then the snow came, thick and silent, filling the emptiness with a moving blur, and buried away all witness of the fight.

A YELLOW JOURNALIST

By MIRIAM MICHELSON

Author of In the Bishop's Carriage, The Madigans, Etc.

HONORS ARE EASY

RHODA MASSEY

TED THOMPSON

AND where were you at the time the arrest was made?" I demanded.

He sat opposite me in the little hotel parlor—Blewett, local correspondent, his clothes too tight for him, his skull too thick, his vanity too dense for disgust to penetrate.

"Oh, I was at a dance, you know. It was after eleven. On my soul I believe it was almost twelve. What the deuce the sheriff wanted to do the thing in the middle of the night for I can't see—unless the Times-Record bought him. Blamed unfriendly to us, I call it. I'll roast him good and brown for it some——"

"The office," I interrupted, "is not altogether charmed."

"Well, they can't blame me!"

I looked at him—the picture of fat, self-satisfied dullness.

"Why, I understand that that fellow Thompson of the Times-Record," he went on, "came up from the city and worked the thing up on the sly—nice thing for a gentleman to do! They tell me when he was ready and had his story all written, including a faked interview with the prisoner, he waited purposely till eleven o'clock before turning his proofs over to the sheriff and witnessing the arrest. Then he filed his copy at the telegraph office and went off to bed. When I got wind of it at midnight——"

"Oh!"

"Yes, wasn't it beastly of him? I did try to send a message, but the operator was busy with his stuff, the telephone wires were down, and——

"And why in the name of peace didn't you ride to Grafton, rout out the operator, and send us just a word, just a line, to save our face! We could have padded it out. We'd have done anything. Oh, if you could have seen McCabe's face when he got down at noon and saw that scoop!"

He stared at me, blinking solemnly.

"Why, d'ye know," he said slowly, "I never once thought of that! It was so late, and such a disagreeable night, too, to go to Grafton. Besides, I had taken a young lady to the party and had to see her home, you know. Don't you find it very cold up here Miss Massey?"

"I—I find——" I stammered furiously.

"But San Isidro's a nice little place," he went on in his best society manner. "We have lovely parties here."

I choked. Parties and a young lady and the weather and the time of night when the News was scooped on its very own story—the Demling murder case we ourselves had uncovered!

"Look here, Mr. Blewett," I said explosively, "everybody connected with the News is in mourning. We—we're just writhing in defeat, and they've rushed me up here to do anything in the world that'll do good. Now, as long as I'm here we'll do business, you and I, on this basis: no parties, no young ladies, no night, no day, no nothing till we get even with the Times-Record. I can't eat—you mustn't sleep—till we do them up. Understand?"

"Of course," he said stiffly, "I am at your service."

Evidently he didn't think I came up to the San Isidro standard of young ladyhood.

"Thank you," I said dryly. "If we succeed in hauling the News out of this hole you may keep your job."

He flushed at that, and his ears were red still when he took his leave. I suppose it was nasty of me, but I couldn't bear his jellyfish complacency. At the station I had seen Ted Thompson, shining in the morning-after glow of victory; and to fancy his cool, audacious quickness matched against my lumbering, blundering aide-de-camp made me lose my temper.

"Oh, how are you, Miss Massey?" Thompson had asked, saucily gay.

"Miserable—furious!" I cried. "If I were a man I could find words to express——"

"You want to swear. Can I do anything in that line for you?"

"If you please," I said gravely.

He halted (we were walking together up the one village street, and all San Isidro was gaping at us and pointing us out), and calmly extending a hand as though to command silence and invoke the wrath of the Inky Gods, he said in an affected falsetto of dainty disgust:

"Darn!"

The townspeople stared. I giggled in spite of my rage.

"I feel better, thank you," I told him, and we resumed our walk, to the relief of the populace. "And I congratulate you—there! Oh, what a scoop! What a bully scoop!"

"Wasn't it?" His gleeful admiration of his work was almost as impersonal as my own. "Wasn't it just too full and sweet and rich for anything? The only drawback was that fat-head Blewett; he's just too easy. I knew you'd be coming up. Are the News people very sore?"

"Sore!" I exclaimed. "*Sore!*" Words failed me.

He laughed delightedly.

"If there's anything more I can do for you in the way of elegant and perfectly ladylike profanity——"

"Thank you, no. I couldn't find it in my conscience to ask you to put forth so tremendous an effort twice."

He chuckled. "Just the same, I'm awfully glad they sent you up. The place is a hole—deadly. But if you'll lunch with me——"

"No—sir!"

"Phew! The News must be sore and McCabe savage."

"It is, Mr. Thompson; they are. I'm not lunching. I'm not living. Wait till I get even."

"Don't let it take too long," he laughed; we were at the hotel door—there's but one in San Isidro—"the office has just sent me an extra hundred as a token of esteem, and I want you to help me blow it in."

"Blood-money; I couldn't touch it," I declared, and ran upstairs.

I hate a murder case. One's sympathies are all with the poor devil against whom all the resources of civilization are trained till he falls down before the fearful odds and crumbles into nothingness—and a back-page paragraph.

But Demling stood staunch as only innocence—or extraordinary guilt—can. His mother, his father, his sister and his little brother were dead, and the house in which the murders had been committed was a heap of charred posts and ashes. We knew that much. Was Demling the guilty wretch who had done it all? Half the people in San Isidro believed he was. In Grafton, his own town, where the murders had been committed, not a soul believed in his innocence, and not one but was sure that Demling was the masked robber who had held up the stage a month before. As for me, how could I tell, when Hornick, his attorney, was holding the fellow incommunicado, and I couldn't bribe or bully or coax him to give me an interview?

"IT'S A LIE! TELL THAT SHE-DEVIL IT'S A LIE!"

We condoled with each other. Thompson and I, and we even united forces to try to break down Hornick's resolution; but it was all for nothing.

But my day's work wasn't. Blewett came rushing up to me that afternoon at the station. We were all waiting for the train, already an hour late, to take us to Grafton; the sheriff was to take his prisoner back there.

"Beg pardon, Miss Massey," Blewett said mysteriously; "may I see you a moment?"

I nodded to Thompson and McGowan, and joined him.

"I've got a corking tip. The Grafton people are going to take Demling from the sheriff and lynch him. There! What do you say to that?"

"Do you think they will really, Mr. Blewett?"

"Do I think? . . . Why, Pennoyer, the sheriff's deputy, who came down on the local to go up with them, says Grafton's all aflame with indignant and outraged public spirit. The populace is aroused. A mighty sentiment——"

"What I mean," I interrupted—I can't bear people to talk their stuff to me—"What I mean is, from your experience of the miners at Grafton, do you really think they'll carry out their threat, or are they only bluffing?"

"Demling is shivering in his cell, and——"

"So I have said in my story, Mr. Blewett, part of which is already on the wires."

"Oh, you knew about it?"

"At ten this morning. Just a long-distance talk with Grafton, that's all."

He was crestfallen.

"Do you want to do me a favor, Mr. Blewett?" I asked.

"Do I?"

"Well, when the train arrives at Grafton get us a good story of the way the crowd up there receives it. They fancy the sheriff and Demling will be on board."

"And——"

"And they won't. Look there." I nodded down the street. There came a two-seated rig with the deputy sheriff, Pennoyer, in front driving. On the seat behind him was the sheriff and a thin-lipped, rat-eyed young man whose wrists were handcuffed.

Blewett jumped. An idea had occurred to him.

"There's room for one more on the front seat. By jingo——"

"Hadn't you better ask for that seat, Mr. Blewett?" I asked softly.

He hesitated.

"There's no danger of the mob mistaking you for Demling. He's lived there all his life, and everybody knows him," I urged. "Think what a story you'll get if they do try to take him from the sheriff. It would make up to the office for that awful beat of Thompson's. If you really want——"

"No, no, it'd be of no use to ask for it," Blewett said hurriedly. "Thompson's got it fixed, I'll bet. Look there, he's talking to them now."

The sheriff's team had pulled up, and while Thompson pleaded, and the sheriff sat shaking his handsome white head, Pennoyer was looking over the crowd.

"Yes, Thompson's got that place—the beggar!" Blewett repeated.

"No, Mr. Blewett, Thompson hasn't."

A common instinct had driven the crowd close to the carriage to gaze upon the prisoner. We were so near now that I could hear the exclamation of disappointment Ted Thompson gave, when I spoke again to the local man: "Look here, Mr. Blewett, if you want to go up with the sheriff I can get you that seat. It's mine. Yes or no, now, quick."

"Oh, there you are, Miss Massey," called the sheriff, leaning out. "Quick, now, if you're game."

I looked at Blewett. He colored and drew back. I jumped into the wagon—I wouldn't touch the hand he held out to help me. A murmur of amazement that broke into a laugh and swelled into a cheer came from the crowd. Ugh! I never felt so "yellow" in my life. The red flamed to my cheeks, I set my teeth and looked straight ahead; but I saw

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Miss Michelson, each distinct, but all dealing with the adventures of Miss Massey, a yellow journalist. The third will appear in an early number.

Ted Thompson rushing madly up the street toward the village stable before Pennoyer's whip flicked out, the crowd backed away, and we were off.

"Are—are there many good horses in San Isidro?" I asked Pennoyer anxiously.

The deputy laughed aloud—a roar of appreciation. He was a young giant, beardless and bronzed, the muscles of whose great shoulders played beautifully beneath his shirt; he wore neither coat nor waistcoat.

"There can't be many decent horses in a town like that?" I pleaded.

"Take comfort, Miss Massey." The sheriff leaned forward. "You've got the whole works to yourself; just as he had the other night. Thompson can't get a thing on four legs that'll get him up to Grafton sooner than the train. It's behind time, but he'll have to wait and take it."

"Oh, thank you!"

I turned and held out a hand. My, how I loved him for a minute, that big, bearded, keen-eyed old California sheriff, so susceptible to a woman's wiles, so appreciative of a situation, so full of relish for a joke, and so courteous in his dear old pioneer, 'forty-nine way!

"Miss Massey," he said then with distinguished formality, "this is Thad Demling."

We bowed gravely, the murderer and I. He shot a swift, suspicious glance at me from out his lowering, sharp eyes, and shut his lips tight. But I was innocence and good-will personified. I attempt to interview him, now that his lawyer wasn't there and chance had thrown him to me? Oh, no; not Rhoda Massey! The drive to Grafton takes nearly two hours. I could wait.

"Oh, these girl-reporters have got grit all right," said the sheriff to the world at large, while Pennoyer, the silent, chuckled enjoyingly. "I promised her she should ride up with us when she found out yistiddy that we wa'n't going up on the train. By gum! she deserved it! They wa'n't a reporter in town 'at knew it. I was in hopes you'd tell Blewett, miss."

"And I was in hopes *you* wouldn't," I returned.

He laughed delightedly. "Cute, eh?" he appealed to Pennoyer's back, and the giant deputy's shoulders shook.

"Well, if you had trusted that fellow the whole town'd ha' known it, and then Thompson'd had time to checkmate ye. He come after me, though, this mornin'—cute, I tell ye, Ted Thompson!—*an'* he swore, *an'* he coaxed! He offered to pay the price of the rig for a seat. I told him he could have it for nothin'——"

"You did?"

"If the other fellow that was going with us didn't show up. He showed up all right, the other fellow. . . . But, I dunno. If they's trouble up there——"

"Miss Massey!" A new voice it was, Demling's voice, husky from long silence, timid but affecting bravado. "Do you believe there's any truth in these stories about—about a lynching? Will you tell me just what you know about it?"

Would I? Oh, to have your fish ask you to please be so good as to bait a hook for him! The silly fish! He didn't know that the man who asks an interviewer a question is lost.

Poor, poor Ted Thompson!

By the time the dome of Grafton's City Hall was in sight I knew all Demling had to tell me, though he remembered his attorney's injunction faithfully, and I was never so impolite as to mention such an ugly thing as murder. I knew his hobby, his vanities, his tastes, his prejudices. I knew his weak, hard face by heart—his mannerisms, his peculiarities of speech. I had his opinion of the world that had accused him. I had an order for his signed photograph——

You'll scoop the News, Ted Thompson, will you!

But we all got very still as we neared the town. The grinning young giant next me straightened his buffalo-like shoulders and laid a Winchester along his knees. I heard the sheriff trying his pistol behind me, and I saw the gray pallor that overspread the prisoner's face. My own heart began to beat with the horses' hoofs as we turned off the road and into a side street—and I didn't spend so much time pitying Ted Thompson.

When the men came up and where they came from I don't know to this day. There were a score of them on horseback, and they rode fiercely at us, only to check their horses suddenly and dash frantically down a cross street.

I turned questioningly to the sheriff. I couldn't speak; my tongue was stiff and dry. Demling had slipped into the bottom of the carriage; only his eyes seemed alive.

"They must have seen you, miss," said the sheriff, "an' thought they'd made a mistake. They'll be back, o' course, but that's so much time lost an'——"

Another turn and we were galloping up the main street. We galloped and Pennoyer lashed the horses on, and yet every moment the crowd ahead was denser. We got slower and slower; then a bunch of men were hanging at the horses' heads; then the carriage stopped.

And it seemed to me my heart stopped beating, too.

"Git down, Wilson, or shove him out to us! We're goin' t' have him!"

It was one voice, but it sounded like a chorus in the sudden stillness.

"Thet you, Hy Huffaker?" The old sheriff put his white head out the side; Demling was under the seat by this.

"Better be about your business, and let me mind mine, or hell'll pop some, I warn ye!"

His answer let loose a torrent of ejaculations, of curses, shrieks and threats.

They were clambering up on the wheels now in the back. Those that started to get up where I sat looked at me as though they did not believe their senses, and fell back again. And all the time the steady young giant at my side sat without a word, the reins in one hand, his gun in the other. I couldn't see what was going on behind, but I heard a scream from Demling and the click of the sheriff's gun before it rang out. And then came the answering crack of the guards' pistols and the clap of their horses' hoofs as they galloped down toward us from the jail. I know now that they fired in the air, but none of us knew it then. At any rate, the mob, caught between two fires, wavered for a second, and in that second Pennoyer had dropped his gun, shoved the reins into my hand and, leaning far out, had lashed the horses right and left.

I must have heard the "Pop! Pop!" of the sheriff's gun and felt something swift fly across my cheek that made Pennoyer swear. But I really knew nothing except the tug at my arms and the swishing cry of Pennoyer's whip that made me wince every time he brought it down—till the sheriff leaned over me and almost pulled the reins from my stiff hands that even then refused to let go.

I hadn't spoken a word when we got to the courthouse door. I couldn't. I was dumb with terror and shivering so that the matron almost carried me into the jail. Pennoyer was still swearing over the wound in his shoulder. Demling was lifted, swooning, from where he had fallen. I saw the mark of the sheriff's boot-heel on his face, and the sight so nauseated me that I broke into shivering cries.

. . . . . .

"We might," I scribbled in court the next morning, on a page of copy-paper that I passed on to Ted Thompson, "have that luncheon together to-day."

Hornick, the prisoner's attorney, and the district attorney were fighting over the introduction as evidence of Demling's half-burned, blood-stained coat. The two lawyers were intimate village enemies, and their testy wrangling gave me my only leisure second since the examination began.

Thompson had just come in and taken his seat at the other end of the reporters' table. I'll bet he had been leading a strenuous life since he got to Grafton, trying to cover all the story I'd had at first hand. He wasn't his usual debonair self by any means. The bit of manila paper went through the hands of McGowan of the Press, Bliss of the Mail, and Cohen, the Times-Record artist, before reaching him. He got it finally, read it, grinned over at me, and soon there was a white sheet of the Times-Record copy-paper traveling back to me.

"It was a bad, bold beat," Thompson had written. "No *lady* would have done it, even if Blewett is a coward; it was purely masculine business. You deserved to get shot—how good it is that young women seldom get what they deserve! Lunch at one—if these two old cocks ever get through fighting."

I nodded across at him, and he turned and gave a message to Pennoyer. The big young deputy received the note as though it were a sacred thing and solemnly tiptoed away with it, though he had to worm his way out through half of Grafton crowded into the little courtroom. "On the part of that King, the Press!" his manner proclaimed, and the people, awed and curious, made way.

They did love us so, these Graftonites—sobered now, with the mobbing miners sent back to the mountains. To them we were mountebanks, practicing our stunts and getting ready for the circus before their very eyes. As for me, a live newspaper woman—they felt for me all that delightful compound of morbid curiosity and patronizing interest that they annually bestowed on the bearded lady or the two-headed calf. When I did a human thing, such as to eat my breakfast, with one accord the people in the hotel dining-room took an hour off just to watch me. And when I showed myself not only human but feminine, too—as when it got warm and I put on a shirtwaist and stuck a rose in my belt—they chuckled and commented upon me with a freedom that charmed the newspapermen who sat with me at the reporters' table.

My eyes, which had followed the progress of Pennoyer through the open window and over toward the hotel, traveled back slowly. The day was warm and the absurd peacocking of the two lawyers was delaying things abominably. I found myself reckoning up the time I should have left to write my story if the afternoon session should move no faster than this, and I looked irritably over toward Thompson, sure that the same thing would occur to him. But Thompson was reading a telegram that had just been brought him, and as I watched he rose quickly and hurried out of the courtroom.

"Something's up, Rhoda," I said to myself, and instantly the whole preliminary examination palled on me. I sat there looking at the two battling attorneys. I even took a note or two, when they gave utterance to something particularly funny and wrathful, that I might use to guy them later. But my heart was in the highlands, following after that slippery Ted Thompson. What in the world was the tip he'd got?

"'What's this dull town to me?'" hummed little McGowan of the Press, under his breath. There's mighty little Frank McGowan isn't on to.

"Exactly." I turned to him frankly. "What's he got, Frankie—do you know?"

"Not I—it's something new. He's been crazy, though, since he saw your story this morning. Of course, he's bound to get even."

"Of course," I agreed faintly, "but——"

"Miss—Miss Massey," said a voice at my elbow.

It was Pennoyer's voice, and he spoke in a hoarse whisper that turned every head toward me. I took the envelope he held out.

"Ted's writing," commented McGowan cheekily.

It was.

> So sorry; no lunch for me to-day. Called away. Ask McGowan to help you eat the spread I ordered at the hotel. To-morrow noon I'm sure to be happy to fill that engagement. T. T.

I passed it over to McGowan.

"It's a nice Teddy, it is," he chuckled; he loves his little stomach, does the boy.

"It's a threat, that's what it is," I said gloomily, tearing the note across. "If he'll be so plaguey happy to fill that engagement to-morrow it means I'll have no appetite for it—and there'll be no lunch. Oh, dear, I wish I knew what he's up to! If only these lawyers would get down to business he might at least miss the prosecution's star witness," I added vindictively.

"No such luck." McGowan went on laboriously decorating his copy-paper with funny sketches of rural Grafton. He has the crudest talent for caricature, but a genius for discovering physical weaknesses. "They've got the centre of the stage now for the only time in their lives, those two old billy-goats, with all the big dailies from the city eager to report every word, and they'll butt and bully and bulldoze till we'll be tempted to ask Demling to lend us Exhibit A (that bloody gun over there) and turn it on 'em for the good of the cause. If they'd only quit side-stepping and mix things up a bit!"

But they didn't. For all that day and late into the evening the pompous little attorney for the defense and that lean old bore, the district attorney, blocked, and barricaded, and objected, and denied, and were called to order and threatened with contempt of court. When I sent my stuff off that night I could have stamped on it, I hated it so. It wasn't worth the telegraph tolls the News would pay on it.

But I hated it worse the next morning. There was the Times-Record—I'd left orders to have it sent me the minute their special train got in—with a full first-page interview and sketches, with a signed statement from Ella Harris, Demling's sweetheart, who had disappeared and been in hiding since the crime, though both prosecution and defense had been seeking her.

No wonder Ted Thompson had skinned out of that dull courtroom! Who wouldn't for a beautiful thing like that?

I got it that day. The lawyers and the sheriff and the judge and all the rest of them were on to the battle between the Times-Record and the News, and their heavy witticisms over Thompson's story drove me nearly frantic. The Times-Record had sent Bunnell up to do the Grafton end of it. Thompson didn't appear in court that day or the next.

But another story of his appeared in the Times-Record all right—letters with facsimiles from Demling to his sweetheart; photos of the pair at a picnic and at the Cliff House, and a column statement signed by the girl—and bearing Ted Thompson's unmistakable hallmark in every line. Oh, misery! I sent Blewett out to find the girl. I told him not to dare come back without seeing her. He sent me a tearful wire from San Isidro, whither he had traced her, saying that Thompson evidently intended to continue on the move, to keep driving up and down the whole coast from now till doomsday with the girl, to spend every cent of his expense money on her, to keep her entertained and happy and—incommunicado. And the following day, too, Miss Ella Harris held forth to the Times-Record readers, psychologically dissecting her lover's character in Thompson's best style.

The court had taken a recess for a few days. The case in Grafton was temporarily dead. The other newspaper people took trips up to the mines and down the valley. I went to bed sick—sick of seeing the Times-Record come out daily with its infernal Ella Harris stories.

But I read them just the same, every word of them. It had a fascination for me, that stuff. Thompson had taken to faking largely now, for every idea in the girl's stupid little head must have given out days ago. The first thing in the morning I read it, though, and again just before I went to sleep. And even at night when I waked and couldn't get to sleep fuming over the thing, some phrase Thompson had put in the girl's mouth stuck in my memory. But I could see what was Thompson and what was real—I hadn't studied him for nothing—so I pored over it all till I got a complete understanding of Demling's character, anyway; till I knew the fellow, not as he had tried to make me see him when I talked with him, but as he was, with the one tenderness that made him akin to humanity; till—till the whole scheme came to me, and when court convened the next Monday I was ready to try it.

The courthouse at Grafton is a noble structure—to the Graftonites. To us it was chiefly remarkable for the conveniences it afforded for newspaper work; for under its one roof it housed everybody and everything connected with the case. The coroner had held his inquest here. The preliminary examination was held here. And Demling's temporary cell was just across the corridor from the sheriff's office. So that through the sheriff's open door one could see the prisoner sitting behind the bars, affecting not to overhear what we said of him and his case, while we chatted with the fine old sheriff about this and other experiences of his full, long life, and waited for the judge to stroll over from his cottage across the way.

"He's guilty all right—Demling," the sheriff would quietly say each time a new clew was discovered. "He did 'em both, the robbery and the murders."

"But, sheriff," I interrupted this morning, speaking very clearly and raising my voice, "there is a possibility——"

"Not the least in the world, my dear young lady. He's good as hanged now."

"Don't you believe him, Miss Massey," shouted Demling's attorney. "The boy is innocent, and——"

"Then what d'ye keep him shut up for?" demanded Frank McGowan. "If he was innocent he'd want to explain how that pistol, with which the little boy was clubbed to death after the others were murdered, came to be hidden in the shed; he'd want to tell why he pitched his old coat into the flames and how it came to be bloody; how he could be in the lane behind the house and know nothing of the murder; and, incidentally, how the express company's money happened to be hid with that pistol. It's a trifle, but——"

"He does—he does want to speak," interrupted Hornick hurriedly. "Sometimes I'm afraid he will in spite of all my advice to the contrary. The boy has got to be protected against himself."

"H'm!" sneered McGowan.

"Well, for my part"—I had stepped to the door and was looking up the corridor now, but out of the corner of my eye I could see that Demling had dropped his book at the mention of his little brother, and that he was listening eagerly—"For my part, I've got a theory myself that he's innocent."

"Since when?" demanded McGowan, amazed. "Your stuff in the News——"

"But I've changed my mind," I laughed out hastily. We were on our way up to the courtroom now. "I believe he didn't do it. Yes, I do. He's innocent, and I'm sure the theory I've got is what his defense will be."

"You're talking through your hat," growled McGowan, looking at me as though he thought I'd taken leave of my senses.

But I didn't care. At the end of the corridor I turned sharply. There against the long bars sat the prisoner. His book had fallen to the floor, but his eyes were following me. He had heard, then—I could do no more.

Thompson was sitting in his old place when we came into the courtroom. He was sharpening his pencils and whistling softly to himself, the image of contented industry.

"All through playing the village beau?" I taunted as I passed him, not daring to let him have first blood.

But he was too happy; he could afford to be generous. He only grinned, and leaning across the table, asked:

"Does that celebrated luncheon come off to-day?"

I shook my head. "To-morrow, perhaps."

He looked up quickly, but the prisoner was brought in just then and the examination commenced.

I suppose I did pay some attention to the afternoon's work, but I knew I could get the shorthand reporter's transcript, and in my head a ceaseless questioning see-saw went on: "Will he? Won't he?" and the "he" was even a harder man to count on than Thompson—it was Demling.

I caught his eye several times that afternoon, and once I knew he was about to speak to me when his attorney interfered. But when court adjourned he walked out between his attorney and the sheriff, and I gave up hope.

Still, I wouldn't go up to the hotel with the others without one more try. I told them I'd left some letters in the sheriff's office and, hurrying away, I was going down the corridor when I met the jailer.

"Demling wants to see you, miss," he whispered knowingly. "Hornick's gone to supper or he'd never get the chance, but——"

"Hurry!" I breathed. "Hurry!"

I had reached the cell before him and had to wait while he unlocked the door; the bars in front reached from ceiling to floor. Demling waited till the guard had crossed over to the office and was out of hearing, though not out of sight. Then he spoke:

"You said you had a theory, Miss Massey. Tell it to me."

It was a week since our drive up from San Isidro, an afternoon of terror for the poor wretch that had been followed by days of slow torture—the crumbling of every hope he might have had, and the steady upbuilding of the case against him. No wonder he rushed toward anything that looked like an outlet.

"I—I'm doing this without Hornick's knowing," he continued. "He's a—I ain't got any confidence in him. He wants me to plead insanity. I—tell me, what was your theory? What did you mean?"

For a moment I hesitated, shivering—sheer pity for the wretch held me dumb. I looked at his haggard, unshaven face, his restless, frightened eyes, his powerful young body, its muscles relaxed as he stood slouchingly or shuffled his feet as he walked.

It was that—the latent strength in him—that brought the other side of it quickly before me: the old father shot down; the mother, in bloody terror of the monster she herself had given birth to, flying to the telephone and falling there; the sister cut off at the piano, the words of a song on her lips; the little imbecile brother clubbed to death with the butt of the same bloody revolver!

"Mr. Demling," I said slowly, "I think the time's come for confession."

DRAWN BY GORDON GRANT

"BETTER BE ABOUT YOUR BUSINESS, AND LET ME MIND MINE"

"Confession!" The weakness fled from his face and wickedness stared brutally at me. "Is *that* all you meant? Well, you might as well——" He nodded over his shoulder toward the grate door which stood ajar, and sat down quickly, his back to me, at the table where the tray with his dinner had been placed.

I looked at that back for a moment, the great, hulking mass of muscles that bent over the table as an animal crouches over the food it tears. I wanted to beat him—not for murder but for discourtesy, the brute! But I walked quietly to the door—a false exit that made him look up—and asked only as I was leaving:

"What harm can it do him now?"

"Him! Who?"

"Why, the man who is really guilty; the dead man you're trying to shield."

He put down his knife; his hand was trembling so he couldn't hold it. "Come—come back a minute," he stammered. "Now tell me. You mean—father?"

I was trembling myself, then, but I came back, and, standing next to the table, I began, under my breath:

"Listen. At dusk on the evening of July 10 a man of fifty-five came home ill-tempered, out of sorts. At his best he was a reserved, surly, cranky fellow, known to be peculiar, domineering; never sociable or friendly with his neighbors, but close, grasping, suspicious. His wife was cooking the dinner, his daughter was at the piano, his—his youngest boy"—my voice must have trembled in spite of me—"was playing on the floor beside——"

"No—he was out in front—Tim was."

I caught the back of his chair to steady myself, but I dared not stop now, nor let him see I had heard.

"Old Demling only half-nodded in answer to their greeting; he was not a man who believed in forms, but passed on back out of the kitchen across the yard into the shed. There he began to throw aside the rubbish and presently pulled out a sack. It was heavy with money, and that money he was just about to pour from the sack into a can he had placed ready, when the door behind him opened and his son Thad appeared."

I didn't dare to look at the fellow as he sat, his face upturned to me, his ashen lips moving inaudibly as though mechanically following the motion of mine.

"The—the sight of the golden tens and twenties came upon the son like a revelation. A month before there had been a stage robbery near the town, and the robber had never been caught nor the money found. Young Demling knew now where it was and who was the robber. He started forward, trying to speak, begging, denouncing. But before he could really speak the older man sprang at him."

"Yes! Yes, he began it!" cried Demling. His cheeks were blazing now, and his sallow face was lit up with hope and excitement.

"They—they grappled, but the older man was more powerful, and the boy fled——"

"It wasn't that he could do me up, but——" Oh, the vanity of a murderer!

"But you were afraid to alarm the family," I interrupted hastily. "You broke from him and ran into the house, and then, imagining he was coming after you, you flew outdoors, hoping that in your absence he would calm down and later you might reason with him."

He nodded. I waited—for a minute that seemed like an hour.

"Yes, but why would he kill the folks?" he asked.

"He—the mistake you made was in going inside. He thought you had told your mother his secret, and as soon as he had hidden the gold again he rushed in upon her, in his hand the pistol he had kept concealed with the money. He did not intend to shoot her—in his grudging way he respected her, this good, simple, hard-working woman——"

"Yep, but they'd had it hot and heavy often enough about me."

"He wanted merely to frighten her, to compel her silence." My throat was dry and I was so husky he had to lean back to hear me. "But somehow the gun went off. She ran shrieking to the telephone, and there another shot finished her. The latent madness in him leaped to frenzy at sight of her blood and of his daughter gazing horrified at him. An uncle of his had died in an asylum. Of course, the poor fellow was mad——"

"Well, of course, that would help me, too, about Gran'-unc' Peter."

"He—he completed the massacre and turned the pistol on himself at last, and, falling against the lamp, set fire to the place."

"Bully!" He was gazing admiringly at me. "You say that fine—just like you saw it."

"I do—I do see it. And then I see you coming back. You hadn't gone far, so you were first to hear the shots and ——"

"But——"

I waved his objection down. "You rushed into the house, from which as yet no flames came. The fearful sight in the kitchen staggered you. You almost lost your senses, but in the midst of that awful scene one thought possessed you—no one must ever know your father had done it. You seized the bloody pistol and ran—ran blindly away, to hide it, through——"

"Through Tannery Lane. That old cat, Mrs. Jennings, saw me."

"Through Tannery Lane. You saw Mrs. Jennings, too, or at least knew some one had seen you, and suddenly the fearful thought struck you—you might yourself be suspected! You crossed back to the shed and thrust the pistol up in the rafters. Then you hurried downtown. Your coat was blood-stained. You bought another, and, rolling the old one

(*Continued on Page 23*)

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Modern Pioneers

THE best patrons of the public libraries are the Jews; the best patrons of the public schools are the Jews; the best patrons of the city and State colleges and universities are the Jews. And of the Jews the best patrons of all the means offered for education are those who have recently escaped from the bondage of their European oppressors. In this respect the Jews are to this day what the Western pioneers of the early nineteenth century were to that day.

Those pioneers, with their indomitable passion for improvement, gave this nation the tremendous forward impetus which is still carrying it forward—and which will continue to carry it forward despite the increasing number of full-stomached, superciliously educated descendants of those pioneers who are advocating "culture" and "aristocratic repose."

Keep your eye on our Jewish fellow-citizens. They are not in the habit of getting too good for their business. They give a wide berth to any scheme that tends to make a man less energetic, less capable, less alert. Above all, they don't put their business out of mind when they are amusing themselves.

Red, Yellow and Brown Americans

SENATOR CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW the other day rushed from the conference of the New York bosses exclaiming: "The optimist wins! The optimist always wins!" He had had a close call and he came near losing his Senatorship, but in politics a miss is as good as a unanimous vote so far as the election certificate is concerned.

However, we are mainly concerned with the gospel this young man of seventy-one summers preaches and practices, especially its usefulness in desperate cases. For more than a century the American Indian was our shame and our despair. We cheated him, debased him, killed him. We found him the noble red man and we made him an ignoble exhibit of thriftlessness and uncleanliness. We spent over $400,000,000 on him and let a large part of it go into the pockets of grafting politicians and other white thieves. We reduced the Indian population of our present territory from 600,000 to 270,000.

Rather a woeful opportunity for optimism, isn't it? And yet if we take into account what has been done within the past few years—conveniently forgetting what went before—we have many pleasant facts. Two years ago a new policy went into effect: able-bodied Indians were given work instead of pensions. Result, 12,000 Indians dropped from the ration-rolls and earning livings for themselves and their families. The old Indian agency system was honeycombed with evil. This year there are only twenty-three agencies compared with forty-three two years ago, and these are under educators instead of politicians. Schools are being greatly improved, and they show over 25,000 pupils—an increase of a thousand in a year. Much was done to deprive the red man of cheap whisky; as an alternative he took to patent medicines, which proved more devastating than the whisky; now the patent-medicine evil will be removed. Even the bad Indian is being sobered. So, after all, isn't the showing calculated to inspire optimism even in the Indian problem?

Now note the importance of it all. We are greatly troubled over the dozen millions of brown and yellow beings whom we are trying benevolently to assimilate in our new islands. Pessimism has run riot over that proposition. But need we be hopeless? What we have seen from our treatment of the Indian ought to be illuminating. What we are doing ought to be the starting-point of what we shall do to the alien races. We have lived and learned. Why should not our knowledge lift us above the fog and make us cheerful and confident?

We are accused of sending canned freedom to the Filipinos. That, at least, is better than the other brand they had, and we might improve our opportunity by including in the new cargoes some choice lots of preserved optimism.

Country Boy and City Boy

NOT the least pressing question raised by the amazing modern concentration of population in the cities is where our good and great men are to come from when there is no longer an overproduction of virtue and ambition in the country. If the canals have need of all their canal boys, whence the future President? Without the splitting of rails how shall the Union be preserved?

Dr. J. H. Finley, president of the College of the City of New York—himself a country boy, and a disciple of virtue and ambition—is doing his best to soothe our fears: "The moral atmosphere, even in such a city as this, is much superior to the moral atmosphere of the average village, East and West. And think of what the boy in this city has in the 640 acres he may call his home. He has the whole history of humanity and the best men in the country within earshot. As far as the comparative health is concerned, I will say that most of the prairie boys I used to know in my youth are now under the sod."

These words may have been colored by the fact that they were addressed to city boys. But there is the tonic of whole-some truth in them. While we are reckoning the farm boys who have become philanthropists, let us not forget that the greed which created Standard Oil was nourished in a barn-yard, and that Jay Gould's arrival on Broadway with ten cents and a harmless, necessary mousetrap in his pocket was the symbol of much subsequent setting and baiting of the sublime but very unnecessary mousetrap of frenzied finance.

In Double Harness

IN A LATE collection of the unconscious humor of school-children is this: "The marriage customs of the ancient Greeks were that a man had only one wife, and it was called monotony." In a recent case in an American State in which the divorce laws are notoriously lax the plaintiff actually charged that the husband was so uniformly considerate that their wedded life had become humdrum beyond endurance; so she asked for separation on the ground of incompatibility of temper.

Matrimony and monotony make a favorite alliteration, and they are joined together in the cheap wit and problem plays of the times until the idea has grown stale; and yet it is an ever-present and increasingly prolific source of unhappiness. Wed and yawn, say the skeptics, and many of those who marry find themselves nursing their ennui, while

> Languid Love,
> Leaning his cheek upon his hands,
> Droops both his wings.

It is not the fault of the institution. From the days of Cicero we have been told that "a man would have no pleasure in discovering all the beauties of the universe, even in Heaven itself, unless he had a partner to whom he might communicate his joys." The trouble is that too many men quit discovering after marriage, and either have no joys to communicate, or substitute for the pleasanter things ordinary, every-day grouches. Ruskin had the higher ideal when he said marriage was "only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love."

With untiring service marriage never grows dull. In fact, it acts as the finest sort of stimulus. "To tell the truth," confessed Tyrone Power, "family and poverty have done more to support me than I have done to support them. They have compelled me to make exertions that I hardly thought myself capable of; and often, when on the eve of despairing, they have forced me, like a coward in a corner, to fight like a hero, not for myself, but for my wife and little ones." That confession would fit many a man's life—and it explains, too, why we have so little patience with the husband who complains of his domestic burdens; instead of finding excuses he ought to be working harder to obtain the material results that would make the excuses unnecessary.

Real service finds plenty of things to do not only for self but for others, and in the doing of them come the precious satisfactions which drive out monotony. Doctor Johnson laid down the law: "Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state."

As has often been observed, it takes a little time to decide, after a man and a woman are made one by a clergyman, which is the one; but there is really no use in worrying about that. Simply get on fair terms with Fate, and do your best!

Courting Bad Luck

THERE is an old superstition that it is bad luck to burn a piece of bread. The origin of this is obvious, though probably few indeed of those who religiously adhere to the superstition have paused to think that it dates from those times when famines were part of the regular order of life.

Famine no longer troubles the imagination of men; but the broad truth under the foolish superstition remains. Burning bread isn't any more likely to bring bad luck than wasting it in another way. But wasting anything in any way is extreme provocation to what we call "bad luck." If the grown people who habitually waste do not suffer for it their children surely will—for they will follow the example set them, and rare indeed is it that a family can survive the faults of two successive wasteful generations.

Waste is not generosity; thrift is not stinginess. There are millions of Americans, especially among the poor and the not-too-well-off, who seem to think so. A thorough investigation would place at the head of the list of causes of poverty: "Wastefulness inherited from wasteful parents."

Doctoring—Oriental and Occidental

TRAVELERS have long made merry over the paradoxical Chinese custom of paying physicians only when in health and suspending payment as long as a fit of illness continues. But in two recent instances Occidental communities have unconsciously imitated the custom—which indicates that it is far from being as absurd as it seems.

In certain rural districts of the South the doctors have begun to hire their services by the year, guaranteeing medical attendance for five dollars a head—no inconsiderable sum in those parts. The canton of Zurich, in Switzerland, according to report, is about to create a public medical bureau by taxing each citizen eighty-six cents a year.

In both cases the medical profession, through its special press, has objected. From the point of view of the skeptical layman, this is not the least convincing argument in favor of the innovations. One objection is that contract labor can be of only inferior quality. Maybe, and maybe not. In any case, the patient has always resort to the higher talent. An objection which at first sight seems more valid is that of the thousand natural ills that flesh is heir to, nine hundred and ninety-nine are imaginary. The medical journals would have us believe that the Swiss State physicians will be doomed to a life of metaphorically holding the hands of females who cherish the delusion of an unappreciated malady.

The medical scribes forget, however, that a physician paid by the State will be under no obligation to prescribe Florida or the Riviera for discontented wives, nor to treat society leaders for nervous breakdown between an Ibsen afternoon and a midnight ball.

"Madam," the public practitioner will say, "all you need is a close and devoted attention to your duties as a wife and a mother"—or, "Madam, douse the fake intellectual end of the candle, and blow out the wick of social climbing, and you will be all right." Some gentle souls may not take to this sort of thing; but many husbands will quietly smile as they unloose their purse-strings to the yearly tune of eighty-six cents.

The Compromise with Evil

THESE plutocratic patriots who give large sums in public bribes "to save the country from its own ignorance and folly" ought not to be laughed at for their colossal impertinence and self-deception. They are merely exhibiting on a large scale the commonest and most ignorant human weakness—the belief that one may and even must do evil that good may come. Not a day passes which does not offer to each one of us in some insidious and plausible form the temptation to do something "not quite right" because doing exactly right would make a mess of the business in hand. And hardly a day passes without each one of us yielding to that temptation to some extent.

Only the man or woman whose self-respect is so profound that he or she does not make the compromises of personal character is safe from these temptations. And the formation of a race of this kind of men and women is not only begun but wholly finished *in early childhood*.

Teach your children to be proud!

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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CHAPTER XXXVII

THE Old Ancient House lay in silence—a sinister silence, Bethune thought—after the rumors and alarms of the night. The dawn was breaking yellow over a gray, still world. What did it herald? he wondered as he looked out of his dormer window under the roof.

One thing it was bringing, he told his sullen heart—the new day of the new life of Raymond Bethune—Raymond Bethune, the disgraced, who had failed his comrade.

When that wild cry had rung out into the night,—"Harry, Harry, Harry!"—it had sounded, in his ears, like the death-cry of his honor; a parting from all that he had held dear; a parting from his highest and closest, than which no parting between soul and body could be more bitter.

He had sat on his bed, and listened—listened, expecting he knew not what. What, indeed, had he now to expect? He had heard the running of feet, the opening and shutting of doors, all the busy noises of a house alarmed. Was she dead—dead of her joy, in that supreme moment of reunion? Would there not be a heaven, even in his anguish, for him who could thus take her dying kiss?

By and by he had roused himself, and, after a look of horror upon that bed of dreams, mechanically dressed for his departure. To go away—that was all that was left to him—the last decency. He put a grim control upon his nerves as he wielded the razor and the brushes that Harry English's fingers had so recently touched.

Harry English . . . out of the grave!

Bethune could not yet face the marvel of the situation. He had yet no power over his dazed brain to bring it to realize that for so long he had been living near his old comrade in the flesh, and had not known—he who had not passed a day since their parting without living with him in the spirit! Still less could he speculate upon the reasons of English's incognito, upon his singular scheme, his recklessness of his own reputation; nor by what miracle he had been saved from death; nor by what freakish cruelty of fate he had been buried from their ken till the irreparable had been worked on other lives.

No; Bethune had no single thought to spare from the overwhelming fact of what he had himself done.

How silent was this house, now, in the dawn! And how much worse was silence than the most ominous sounds! Was it not his own silence that had betrayed both himself and his friend?

He packed deliberately, feeling the while a fleeting, childish warmth of comfort in the thought that Harry wore his old shooting-coat—that Harry had still something of his about him. He folded the discarded baboo garments with almost tender touch. Then he paused and hesitated.

There were the papers—the damnable, foolish papers that had started all the mischief; and these he must sort. Some must be destroyed; some, not his to deal with, must be laid by before he could leave the place.

He stole to the door, carrying his portmanteau. There was no fear of his meeting any of those whom he dreaded; for in the rambling old house his floor had a little breakneck stairs to itself which landed him in a passage outside the hall.

There was a stir of life and a leap of firelight behind the half-open door of the kitchen; but, in a panic, he passed quickly out of reach of the voices lest he should hear. Was she dying . . . or dead? Or, since joy does not kill, was she happy in a sublime egotism of two? He had no courage for the tidings, whatever they might be.

The little room where he had worked with such fervor was filled with a gray glimmer that filtered in through the mist-hung orchard trees. The fire had been set, but not yet lit. He put a match to it; he would have much to burn. Then he sat down by the table and drew forth his manuscripts. The last line he had written—that line set only yesterday from a full heart—met his eye:

> English was then in the perfection of his young manhood—a splendid specimen of an Englishman, athletic, handsome, intellectual, a born leader of men, and, withal, the truest comrade ever a man had.

Out of the half-finished page the past rose at Raymond Bethune and smote him in the face. So had he written, so had he thought of Harry English yesterday, when he believed him dead.

A man of more sanguine temperament, of more imaginative mind, might well have comforted himself with explanatory reflections, with reasons so plausible for his own behavior that he must end by believing in them himself, regarding his own act in a gradually changing light, till it assumed a venial, not to say meritorious, aspect. But Raymond Bethune, with his narrow conception of life, with his few, deep-cut affections, had this in him—virtue or deficiency—that he could not lie. And now he knew the naked truth. He knew that, when his only friend had come from out the dead and laid claim upon him, in the overwhelming surprise of the moment he had betrayed friendship—that some unknown base self had sprung into life. He had not been glad . . . and Harry had seen it. Harry had read into his heart—and there had read, not gladness but dismay.

. . . AND TRIPPED FROM THE ROOM . . . LAUGHING OVER HER SHOULDER

The sweat started again upon Bethune's forehead as he re-lived that moment and again saw his failing soul mirrored in the wide pupils of English's eyes.

. . . . . .

Outside, upon the gray-brown, twisted boughs of the apple tree nearest the window, a robin began to sing. The insidious sweetness of the little voice pierced the lonely man to the marrow with an intolerable pang of self-pity. He looked out on the bleak winter scene of the garden, where the mist hung in shreds across the sodden grass, over the bare boughs. It was an old, old orchard, and the trees were leprous with gray lichen. It seemed as though they could not bear flower or fruit again. Vaguely, for his brain was not apt to image, he thought: "In some such desolation lies the future for me." And if the robin sang—oh, if the robin sang—its message never could be for him!

His eye wandered back into the room. Here had he worked so many days, in austere, high ardor of loyalty. Aye, and yonder, in the armchair, had she sat; and he had judged her from this same altitude of mind. Now he knew himself better, saw the earthy soul of him as it really was. All his anger, all his scorn, all his antagonism, from the very first instant when her pale, luminous beauty had dawned upon him, had been but fine-sounding words in his own mind to hide the thing, the fact—his passion for Harry English's wife!

HE BROKE INTO SOBS—A MAN'S DIFFICULT, UGLY, TEARING SOBS

He took some of the manuscript into his hands, rough sheets as well as neatly typewritten copy; and, standing before the now leaping fire, began slowly to tear it, page by page, and fling it into the blaze. He smiled as he watched the red twists fly up the chimney. There was a subtle irony in the situation. Major Bethune calling upon his friend's widow to wake from her sleep of oblivion, forcing her back to the sorrow she would fain forget, sparing her no pang, watching her as the warder watches the convict to see that not a jot of her task escape her; seeing, as he watched, the old love reclaim her with strong hands, so that, wooed once more and once more won, she was ready, as surely no woman was before, to greet the dead returned! . . . "Harry, Harry, Harry!" He would never get that cry out of his head.

He let himself fall into the chair upon the hearth, his hands resting listlessly from their task. How was he to endure life, how carry out the most trivial business with this sick distaste of all things upon him?

. . . . . .

Aspasia opened the door and looked in. She gave a cry of pleasure as she saw him.

"How cozy!" she said, and came over to the fire.

Then she stood, gazing down at him, with a small smile trembling on her lips. She had evidently been crying, and the curves of these same lips looked softer and more childish than ever. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes darkly shadowed.

Bethune sat motionless. After a pause she spoke, still staring reflectively at the flames.

"I wondered where you had been all this dreadful night. You know what has happened? Of course you know?"

"I know."

Nothing in his voice or manner struck her—she was so full of the tremendous occasion.

"Ah!" she cried, suddenly flashing upon him, "I think I'm sorry you already know. I should have liked to have been the first to tell you. For you—for you, at least, it's all glorious. Oh, how glad you must be! What it must mean to you!"

He sat like stone; she was worse than the robin. He had thought he had suffered to the fullest capacity; but the girl, with her clear voice and her honest eyes, was tearing his heart to pieces. Then she became conscious that in his silence, though she had known him ever as a silent man, there was something almost sinister.

"What is it?" she asked him. "Oh, I suppose you knew all along? No—you didn't; you couldn't!"

He shook his head.

"Ah!" Her bright face clouded. "It is because of her, of poor Aunt Rosamond—of him, rather? You think he has come back to her too late, only to lose her?"

He resumed the tearing up of his manuscript with fingers clenched upon the page.

"What are you doing?" she cried, quickly diverted. "Oh, Major Bethune, why? Don't tear up all that beautiful life—all you've been working at so long. Oh, what a pity—what a pity!"

He crumpled a mass of paper violently together and flung it into the flames, thrusting it down among the embers with his hand. He felt the startled amazement growing upon her, and forced his pale lips to speak:

"He would hate it."

Saying this, he tried to smile. Aspasia contemplated him for a while, her eyes wondering. Then she stretched out her hand and touched his timidly.

"Don't be unhappy—let me tell you; I think I understand. Oh! I'm sure I understand, for we have been friends a little, too, have we not? You think it's worse for him to come back. You think he had better be dead if she is to die. But she won't." Aspasia nodded confidently. "I tell you she won't die. I've just seen Doctor Châtelard; he's quite satisfied. I have seen him—Captain English—too. I said to him: 'She won't die.' And he said to me: 'I know it.' He is there outside her room—so strong and patient. Now," said the girl, and was not, in her innocent wish to comfort, aware how tenderly she spoke—"now you will let yourself be glad for yourself, since you've got him back, will you not?"

Bethune suddenly turned and caught the gentle hand that touched him. He broke into sobs—a man's difficult, ugly, tearing sobs, that surprise no one more than him whom they overtake. For an instant Aspasia was terrified. But for that desperate clutch she would have fled. The next moment, however, all the woman in her awoke.

"Oh, don't cry!" she said as if she were speaking to a child, and laid her free hand upon his close-cropped hair.

And then—neither of them knew how it happened—her arm was around his shoulder, and his head was lying upon her tender breast. The dry agony that shook him passed; and tears that fell like balm rolled down his cheeks.

Baby, carried quite out of herself in this astounding whirl of events, began to weep, too, quite softly, to herself. And, as he lifted his face to hers and drew her down to him, their lips met upon the bitter of their tears and yet in sweetness undreamed of. At the touch of that child-mouth and at her voiceless surrender, Bethune knelt before her in his heart and consecrated himself to her forever. Closed henceforth for him the magic casement on "perilous seas" of passion, "on faëry lands forlorn." Gone those visions, exquisite and deadly! A faithful, loving hand, a child's hand, had been held out to him in his moment of utmost misery; it had lifted him from the deeps; it he would clasp and go to meet life's duty, content—aye, humbly grateful—that his winter should have harbored a robin, after all; ready to open his heart to its song of spring.

. . . . . .

Afterward, he knew, he would blame himself for that moment of weakness which had won him, unworthy, so true and unsuspecting a heart. But the deed was irrevocable, and he would not have been human not to rejoice.

. . . . . .

The secret of the sorrow that had given to Aspasia the man she loved she would never know. And even her frank lips could never seek the story. As sacred as the memory of their first kiss, she would hide in her heart the memory of those strange and terrible sobs.

Wiser than Psyche, she would light no lamp, but keep this first mystery of love in unprofaned shadow.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

BETHUNE and Aspasia quickly parted.

Love had come as a messenger of comfort; but to linger under its wings in anything that approached to joy, in that stricken house, would have seemed desecration. Bethune, moreover, was glad to be alone. His own trouble was too strong upon him. He felt as if he must have the cold, clean air upon his face, gather the winter solitude about the nameless confusion of his thoughts. He wanted to meet himself face to face and have it out with Raymond Bethune—Raymond Bethune, who had gained an unlooked-for love, but had lost everything else. He went forth into the orchard, seeking himself in those barren spaces that, but a while ago, had seemed to hold the image of his future.

But he was no longer the shamed, hopeless man of that hour of dawn, with his eye fixed on some near death, as the savage instinct of some sick wild creature is fixed upon the hole that shall hide the last struggle. Henceforth he would be no longer alone; and if the thought of the gentle comradeship brought solace, it brought also its own serious responsibility, almost its terror—the weight of another life, the loss of his soul's freedom. . . .

Presently, as he tramped up and down the drenched grass, a chill and numbing touch seemed to be laid upon him and to invade him with the blankness of the universal winter sleep. The recurrent waves of exaltation that had seized him at each reminiscence of the young bosom beneath his cheek, of the face pressed so close to his, died down within him; and died, too, those spasms of horror over that moment when, by a single evil thought, he had betrayed the true facts of a lifetime.

His mind seemed to become nearly as dull as the sky above him—iron gray, flecked with meaningless wrack; his heart to grow cold, like the inert sod beneath his feet. And he let himself go to the respite of this mood. The robin was silent. He was glad of that. There was no sound but the drip of the boughs as he passed. Disjointed visions, foolish tags of memory, flashed through his brain—the echo of Baby's thrumming, the picture of the Eastern palace room, with its English illusions, as he stood waiting; Lady Gerardine, in the rosy radiance of the Indian evening, fitting her slender hand into the imprint of the queens' death-touches on the stone; her smile upon him over the languid Niphotis roses in the narrow, varnished cabin, the open portholes and the green sea-foam springing up across them in the lamplight, the mingled smell of the brine and the flowers; Aspasia dancing on the frozen grass, brown and red like a robin; Muhammed standing before him in his soldier-pride, the ironic smile on his face—son of the East, with the winter-lichened boughs of the English orchard above him!

At the end of his beat Raymond wheeled around and looked down the moss-grown avenue where that day the red-turbaned Eastern had met his gaze; and now, with the fantastic effect of a dream, he beheld the selfsame square-shouldered figure swing into sight between the gray boles with their ghostly look of age. Advancing with quick strides, it was bearing straight upon him.

Bethune stood as if held by a resistless force. He knew life would have no more crucial moment for him; yet his heart beat not a stroke the faster. He turned his face toward the inevitable. After all, a man can but endure. The illusion of Muhammed had quickly passed, as the steady step drew closer, into that reality that was stranger than any phantasm.

Harry English, with head bare to the tart airs, with strong line of clean-shaven chin catching the bleak light, and deep eyes lit with a very human fire—the old comrade in the flesh! He halted within a pace, and the two looked at each other for a second's silence. Then, while Bethune's countenance remained set in that iron dullness, the other's face was suddenly stirred.

"What on earth is the meaning of this?" cried English in a loud voice of anger. "I see your portmanteau packed. Do you think for a second that you can leave me now?"

The deepest reproach, the utmost note of sorrow or scorn, could not have touched Bethune so keenly as this familiar explosion. A thousand memories awoke and screamed. How often had not his captain rated him with just such a rough tongue and just such a kindly gleam of the eye! All the ice of his cold humor of reaction was shivered into bits under the rush of upheaving blood.

"Harry!" he stammered. "Harry . . . I . . . my God! . . ."

He saw, as before, in that hideous moment in the little bedroom, but now blessedly, a reflection of his own thought on the face opposite to him.

Harry English put out his hand and clapped him on the shoulder.

"My God!" said Bethune again. He turned his head sharply away and his jaw worked. The cry broke from him.

HE HALTED WITHIN A PACE, AND THE TWO LOOKED AT EACH OTHER FOR A SECOND'S SILENCE

"I ought to have died for you! Would I had died for you at Inziri! . . ."

The grasp on his shoulder was tightened. English shook his comrade almost fiercely.

"Old man, you were never one of the talkers. Hold your tongue now."

Bethune drew a deep breath. The intolerable weight rolled from his heart. English's hand dropped. It was over and done with; the two friends had met again, soul to soul.

In silence they turned and walked toward the house, side by side, steps together, as so often—ah, so often—in the good old days of hardship.

"Let us go in," said English at the door. "They tell me that there can be no change, up there, and she's in good hands, thank Heaven; but I cannot find a moment's peace out of the house. Come, we'll have a cup of tea together."

The sun had risen just clear of the moor line into a space of clarity, and shone, a white, dazzling disk, sending faint spears into their eyes. It shone, too, pale yet brisk through the open window of the little dining-room, where, as yet, the board was but half spread, where an ill-kindled fire had flickered into death. (What self-respecting servant could do her work as usual when the family was in affliction?)

"Just see to the fire, Ray," said English, and went out of the room.

Bethune, with the bachelor's expediency, had recourse to a candle culled from a sconce and produced a cheerful, if somewhat acrid, flame to greet his friend when he returned, black kettle in one hand, brown teapot in the other. Soon the hot fragrance circled into the room.

"If we'd had a brew of this up at Inziri, those last days, it would have made a difference, eh?" said the master of the house.

They drew their chairs to the hearth and sat, each with his cup in his hand, even as in times bygone with their tin mugs before the campfire at dawn. In spite of the sense of that hushed room above and the suspense of its brooding over them, Bethune had not felt so warm in his heart these many years.

"Man!" he exclaimed suddenly, reverting unconsciously to the Scotch idiom of his youth, "why in the name of Heaven did you do it?"

Harry English, staring at the red coals, answered nothing for a while. Not that he had failed to understand the train of thought that ended in the vague-seeming, yet comprehensive question—but that the answer was difficult, if not painful.

"You see," he said slowly at last, without shifting his abstracted gaze, "there was so much to find out and so much to consider . . . "

"To find out?"

"I had to be sure."

Bethune laid his cup on the hob and leaned over toward his friend, his fingers lightly touching the arm of the other's chair. After a while: "I think I understand," he said, knitting his rugged brows.

English gave him a fleeting smile of peculiar sadness.

"When one has been dead eight years it is wiser, before coming to life again, to make sure that one's resurrection will be a benefit."

Bethune fell back into his place with a gray shade about the lips. English dropped his eyes, and there came silence between them. After a pause he began to mend the fire from the scuttle; and, placing the lumps of coal one by one, he spoke again:

"It was all a story of waiting, you see, from beginning to end."

"Rajab—Rajab is gone, by the way, poor old chap. He swore he'd seen you fall, more dead than the prophet himself," said Bethune with the harsh laugh that covers strong emotion. "And from the fort, through the glass, we watched those devils chucking the bodies into the torrent—dead and wounded, too. We thought the great river was your grave with many another's! Never a bone could we find of all the good chaps."

Harry English straightened himself and laughed too, not very mirthfully. Then he pulled open the loose collar of his shirt and laid bare a jagged scar that ran from the column of the throat across the collar bone.

"I'm confoundedly hard to kill, you know. Just missed the jugular. I must have been spouting blood like a fountain. And then I got a blow on the head from a hilt that knocked me into nothingness. Rajab was about right—I was as dead as the prophet for the time being. If I had not had nine lives——"

Again the silence. Then Bethune inquired, casually, fumbling in his pocket for a pipe:

"And how is it you weren't chucked overboard with the rest?"

"Old Yufzul had a fancy for keeping me alive. Ah, if he could have caught the chap that cut me down he would not have left much skin on him. He'd given stringent orders to spare mine. The old beggar took a notion that I was a sort of mascot, or something; that I carried luck—that it was the influence of my precious person kept things going so triumphantly at the fort. . . . You may remember he was always sending envoys to me with flattering offers? 'Pon my word, Ray, I believe it was half to get me that he stuck to the business so long. So much for my carrying luck!"

The speaker smiled with a bitter twist of the lip, and poked the fire unnecessarily.

"Remember," he added, "that business about the flag on the roof, when the bullets were going so lively? It seems our friend was watching and was much struck to see that I was not."

"I remember," answered Bethune's deep bass.

Did he not remember? Had he been of the nationality of M. Châtelard, with what a handclasp, with what a flow of rhetoric would he not now emphasize his vivid recollection of that hour!

English, lying back in his armchair, with his head resting on the top, closed his eyes wearily. His face looked very pallid and sharp-featured thus upturned and relaxed from its usual stern control; and Bethune shot many an anxious look as he sat silent, the pipe he forgot to draw hanging loosely between his teeth.

Presently the other resumed, in low, reminiscent tones:

"I became the Khan's fetish. So long as he had me he was sure of his luck. He thought himself safe. In the end, I think, he thought he could not die."

"Well?" said Bethune as the pause grew overlong.

"Well, that's all. I was a fetish, very well looked after. Too well!" said the man, sitting up, a sudden passion on eye

The Hatchet & The Buzz-Saw

WASHINGTON was not the only one who had a habit of cutting up things and telling the truth. Once upon a time the Regal Buzz-Saw did some cutting up, and a great truth came out of it.

Several thousand pairs of $3.50 shoes were cut up in our windows. The public is familiar with the tricks of shoemaking that were exposed in ninety per cent. of all $3.50 shoes except the Regal. The Regal is built *on honor*—and the Buzz Saw proved it. No other shoe sold at $3.50, and precious few sold at $5.00 and $6.00, approach the Regal in material and workmanship. The Buzz Saw proved that, too.

Regal supremacy lies as much in style as it does in wear. It is the only ready-to-wear shoe that is made in the *current* styles of the best custom makers. And it is the only shoe made in the world at any price that comes in ***quarter sizes,*** so that it can be fitted with the precision of a custom-made shoe. Here's one of the latest models:

The 'Piccadilly'

A London Winter style that appeared on Piccadilly only a few weeks ago, and one that will be impossible to obtain for months to come except from a high-class custom-maker at $10.00 to $12.00, or in any Regal store at

$3.50

This is one of 75 styles for men shown in our new 1905 Style Book. Send for it.

It's just as good as visiting a shoe store and no trouble at all. Full directions for self-measurement are in it, which make perfect fit absolutely certain. Specimens of leather on application.

ORDER BY STYLE

9 DA—As illustrated—Black King Calf.
9 DB—Same, in Waxed Calf.
9 DC—Same, except *not* Blucher cut.

Regal shoes are delivered, carriage prepaid, anywhere in the United States or Canada, Mexico, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaiian and Philippine Islands; also Germany and all points covered by the Parcels Post System, on receipt of **$3.75** per pair. (The extra 25c. is for delivery.)

REGAL SHOE CO., Inc.

MAIL-ORDER DEPARTMENTS:

Factory [E], Whitman, Mass.
Boston, Mass., . . . 129 Summer St., cor. Bedford.
New York City, Dept. A, 785 Broadway, cor. 10th St.

MAIL-ORDER SUB-STATIONS:

Sub-Station A—34-52 Ellis St., San Francisco, Cal.
Sub-Station B—103 Dearborn St., cor. Washington, Chicago, Ill.
Sub-Station C—618 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.
Sub-Station D—631 Canal St., New Orleans, La.
Sub-Station E—6 Whitehall St., Atlanta, Ga.
London, Eng., E. C., 97 Cheapside, cor. Lawrence Lane.

Regal Shoes are delivered through the London Post Department to any part of the United Kingdom on receipt of 15/6.

80 STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

Largest Retail Shoe Business in the World

REGAL

SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

and lip. "I was kept prisoner, if you like. For five years, Raymond Bethune, I was chained to that old Khan's carcass, night and day."

"For five years," echoed Bethune stupidly; "and what were you doing?"

English did not answer till the silence seemed to have obliterated the question. Then he said slowly:

"I was waiting."

"Then?"

"Then the old fiend died—and I escaped. Oh, you don't want me to spin you that yarn now! You can imagine it for yourself, if you ever imagine anything, you old dunderhead. There was blood spilt, if you care to know. I had waited a long time, you see."

"But," objected the Major of Guides, after some minutes devoted to calculation, "that was three years ago."

"Aye," laughed English, good-naturedly contemptuous; "but a man doesn't walk off the Karakoram on to the English lines in a day, especially if he's an Afghan captive. I had to take a little round through Turkestan, and back through Baluchistan—on foot, Raymond, every yard of the way—as a dervish."

"Never!" said Bethune.

'I flatter myself I know more of the Karakorams and the Turkoman frontier than any white man yet. And I can speak the lingo of every tribe that calls Allah chief. Aye, and I know their tricks and customs, their very habit of thought. There was not a camp or hut where they did not take me for one of themselves. It was just a year after Yufzul's death that I landed at Kurrachee."

"Oh, Harry," cried his friend impulsively, "why did you not come to me?"

"Have I not told you already?" answered English, after one of his deep pauses. "I had things to find out first. Where is your canniness? If live men have to go slow, what about dead men? . . . No, no." The bitter smile came back to his lips. "I lay low, and lived in the bazar, as good a servant of the Prophet as ever salaamed to the East; and then"—his voice changed—"oh, then I got all the news I wanted!"

Bethune dared not raise his eyes.

"More than I wanted," added Harry English with his bleak laugh. "You don't need to be told why I remained a Pathan, do you?"

When Bethune once more found courage to speak to his friend it was because the stillness, pregnant with so much meaning, seemed intolerable.

"Well?" he queried hoarsely.

"Well, then," said Harry English, "I waited—again."

And his comrade felt more than this he was never to know of the hardest moment of all the man's hard life.

"I dare say," resumed English, his old air of serenity coming back to him, "you wonder why I did not extend that botched business as far as the jugular this time, and have done with it. But, you see, there was just a chance, I told myself; and so," he repeated, falling back into his significant formula, "I waited. I got work with an old baboo; and by and by my opportunity came, and I took it."

"Opportunity!" exclaimed Bethune, shifting restlessly in his chair. "It was the maddest business!"

"Perhaps," said English, a shade of pain sweeping across his face. "But I had to know. Any other course was too dangerous. Oh, I am not speaking of myself—think how dangerous!"

"But, man—man," cried the other, "it need not have taken you all that time! When you'd seen with your own eyes, when you had found that the old fellow was killing her, when you were here in this house and had seen her in her sorrow—then——"

English flung one lightning glance upon the speaker.

"And even then," he said slowly, "I had still to know—more."

A moment Bethune stared at him open-mouthed; then his own unclear conscience pointed the otherwise inconceivable idea to his slow-working wits. He felt the dark blood mount to his forehead.

"Now I've told you all," said Harry English, and got up from his chair.

"Thank you," said Bethune.

. . . . . .

Aspasia's bright presence was suddenly with them. English wheeled around; but her smiling face was reassurance sufficient.

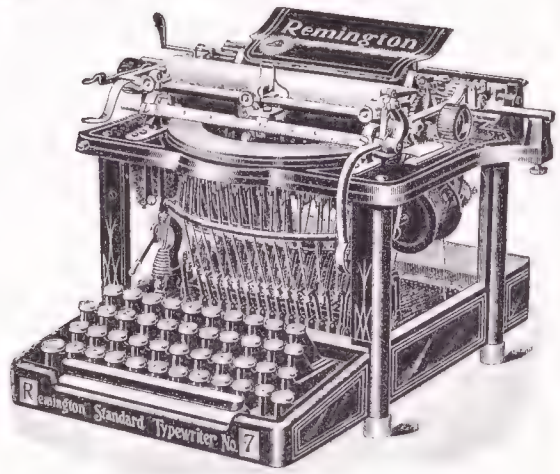
"I've come as I promised," she said, "to give you the last report. Doctor Châtelard says all is going as he wishes. He will be down immediately for some breakfast, and

The Man Who Knows

the good and the bad points of all

Typewriters

buys the



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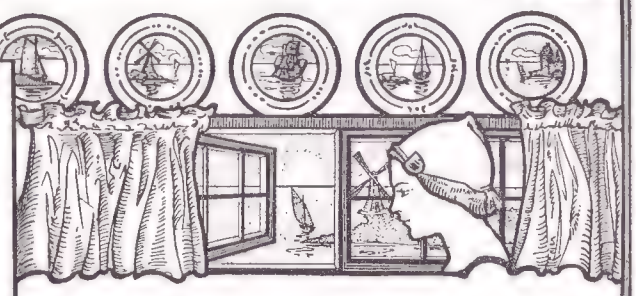
New York and Everywhere



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Send 10 cents for trial can making 20 cups to
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The Perfect Stove Polish

Patented in U.S. and Canada.

The only unburnable, non-explosive oil polish in the world. A liquid that enamels all iron a glossy, jet black, producing an everlasting brilliant lustre that can be washed with water and dried like a dish; does not burn red and cannot be rubbed off or burned off; no dust or odor; prevents rust; polishes nickel, too. Never spoils or freezes. Black Satin is the most economical stove polish in the world. You have never used anything like it. At dealers, **25 cents,** or from factory by mail prepaid **35 cents.** Sample can by mail **25 cents.**

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There is no other hair-brush like the

Keepclean Hair Brush

Handsome—Sanitary

Its bright aluminum "face" behind the bristles cannot get foul by absorbing water, oil or dirt. Military, Cloth and Hat Brushes also. Genuine sold in green boxes, by good stores, everywhere. Remember the name—don't accept substitutes.

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For Soups, Sauces, Savory Sundries and Beef Tea

SECURE A DOZEN OF the FAMOUS CUDAHY BOUILLON SPOONS

DO NOT confuse these Artistic A-1 Silver Plated Spoons with ordinary offers. They are made in the most approved pattern and grace tables in the most refined homes because they are heavier plate than "triple"; are of French Gray Finish and bear no advertising of any kind. Made by Wm. A. Rogers, Ltd., the well-known silversmiths. Read offer below.

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For each spoon desired send a metal cap from a 2 oz. or larger size jar of **Rex Brand Beef Extract**, and 10 cents in silver or stamps to cover mailing expense and mention this publication.

Cudahy's Rex Brand Beef Extract is sold by all druggists and grocers. Address

THE CUDAHY PACKING COMPANY

Beef Extract Dept. S, South Omaha, Nebraska

Every Home

Should have a supply of

Stewart's Duplex Nickel Plated SAFETY PINS

They are made of the best nickel and are of the finest workmanship. After you once use them, you will use no other. All purchasers are convinced they are the best pins made. In order to put them and our **Solid Ball-headed Pin** in every home, we will send sample card of one dozen each of three sizes of Duplex Safety Pins and one dozen Solid Ball-headed Pins, Gold Plated, all for 15 cents by mail postpaid. This would cost double the money in any store. Only one sample to the same address.

CONSOLIDATED SAFETY PIN CO.

28 Farrand Street **Bloomfield, N.J.**

then he will tell you himself. Isn't he a darling little man?" she went on. "I am sorry I said he had a pink head! What should we do now without it? By the way, some one must send a wire to Melbury Towers for his luggage."

"Let me go," said Bethune, starting forward.

"Let him go!" echoed Baby saucily, turning to Captain English.

With such new happiness before her, the natural buoyancy of her nature was triumphant over all present doubt and anxiety. Bethune put out his hand and she slipped her own confidingly into it.

"Harry," said he—and the girl wondered and was highly flattered at the sudden emotion that shook his voice—"you see how things stand between us?"

Again English flashed that glance of vivid scrutiny. This time his friend met it steadily, though again with a heightening color. Then, after a perceptible pause:

"I am glad," said Captain English simply.

And Bethune dropped the girl's hand to meet the strong clasp held out to him. He knew that from henceforth all misunderstanding was swept away from between them. If he had felt before for his friend that love closer than a brother's it was cemented now by the strongest bond that can exist between generous natures—that of forgiver and forgiven. He was forgiven with the only real forgiveness—that which understands.

"Have they not brought breakfast?" cried Baby, the housekeeper, very bustling all at once, to cover her pretty confusion. She sprang to the bell, then checked herself, with finger on lip, and tripped from the room, pointing her feet and laughing over her shoulder, as if to her happy years even that sad precaution of quietness must have its mirthful side.

Both men looked after her indulgently. Then Bethune's face clouded.

"She is but a child, after all," he said doubtfully.

"Nay," said Harry, "it seems to me she has a woman's heart."

"She is as true as steel," asserted her lover.

When the girl returned, English went restlessly forth. He would wait for M. Châtelard, he said, in the hall. The newly betrothed were alone, and for a second or two eyed each other shyly. Then Bethune's face softened in the old, good way; and yet with something, too, that had never been there before, something which made Aspasia drop her lids.

"Well, Robin?" said he, and beckoned. She came to him sidling.

It would always be thus between them. He would beckon and she would come. Had the impossible happened, had that mistress of his hidden ideal condescended to him, he would have gone far to crave the least favor, and always with a trembling soul. But the life that touches the transcendent joy, the rare ecstasy, is fated to know but little happiness. Providence, perhaps, was not dealing unkindly with this man.

"Why do you call me Robin?" she asked.

He was not of those who explain. With a kiss on her hand he told her simply that she was like a robin.

"Then I hope you'll remember, sir," she said, briskly disengaging herself, "that the robin is a bird that makes music in season and out of season."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GEOGRAPHICAL LIMERICKS

Can You Blame Him?

Said a Stranger who stopped in N. Y.,
When he'd been 'round the City t. w.,
"I've been studying faces;
Pray tell what this place is;
Is it New Palestine or N. C.?"

In Passing

Si Jones and his Daughter Susannah
On a cyclone rode through Ind.
"Ain't it breezy?" said she;
"Well, I guess," chuckled he,
"They'd call this, back East, Wind.!"

A KALAMAZOO DIRECT TO YOU

We will ship—freight prepaid—direct from our factory to any reader of this publication, any Kalamazoo Stove or Range on a

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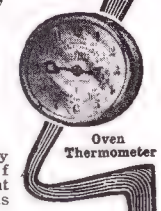

We guarantee to save you from **20%** to **40%** in price, and to give you a strictly high grade article, not excelled by any other make, no matter what its price. If you are not perfectly satisfied in every way, you get your money back without question and we pay the freight **both ways.** We need not remind you that this advertisement could not appear in this publication if we were not thoroughly responsible and if we did not fulfill every promise we make.

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We will sell you a Kalamazoo Stove or Range for less money (and we pay the freight) than your local dealer pays for a stove or a range not nearly as good. We can do this because we are the only manufacturers of stoves and ranges in the world who sell their entire output direct from their factory to the user, eliminating all jobbers,' dealers' and middlemen's profits, together with all traveling men's expense. We are actual manufacturers; we have one of the largest and best equipped stove foundries in the world; we guarantee (under a $20,000 bank bond) the material, workmanship, style and finish of our product. We know we can save you money; we believe we can satisfy the most exacting; if we can't you get your money back without quibble.

Send Postal for Free Catalog No. 152

describing our full line of **Ranges, Cook-Stoves, Base-Burners and Heaters**; for all kinds of fuel and all domestic purposes. They are built for long service and with special reference to saving fuel. We refer to any commercial agency or any bank or business house in Kalamazoo.

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KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.,
Manufacturers,
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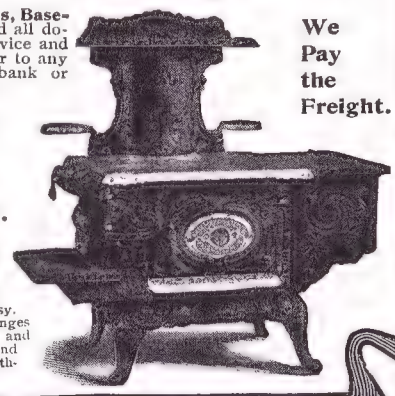

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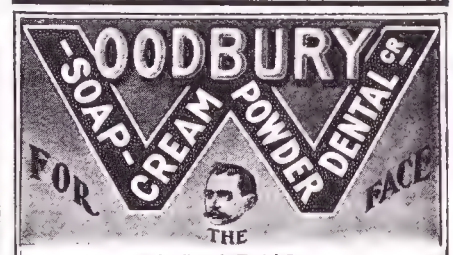

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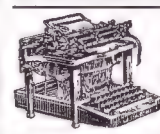

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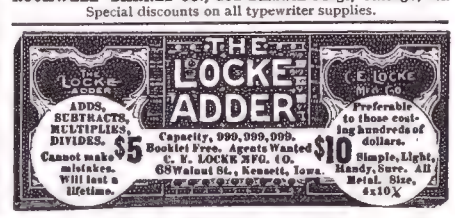
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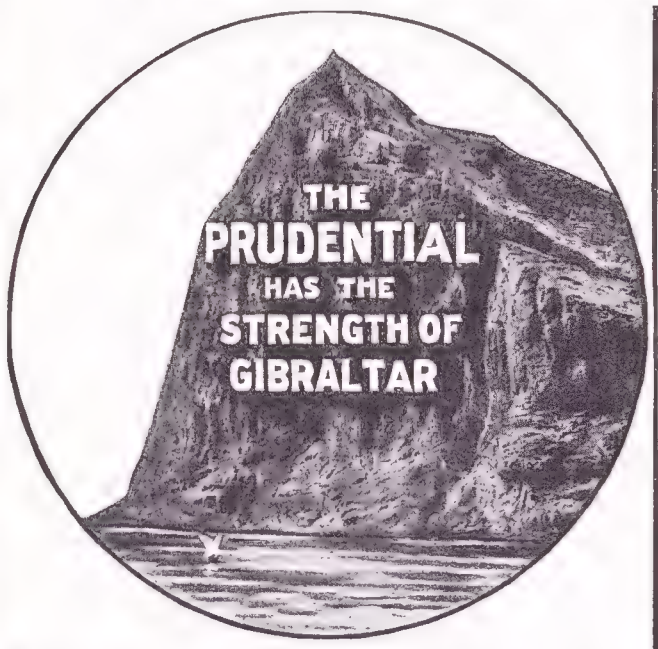

Number of Policies
in force, nearly
6 Million

Increase in Number
of Policies in force, over
One-half Million

Paid Policyholders
during 1904, over
13 Million Dollars

Total Payments
to Policyholders, December 31, 1904, over
92 Million Dollars

Increase in Assets
over
16 Million Dollars

TWENTY-NINTH ANNUAL STATEMENT
JANUARY 1, 1905

ASSETS

BONDS AND MORTGAGES		**$15,682,358.73**
3309 All First Liens on Property, valued at	$40,882,977.19	
REAL ESTATE owned by the Company		**12,494,957.86**
RAILROAD BONDS		**27,681,596.87**
MUNICIPAL AND MISCELLANEOUS BONDS		**10,141,196.00**
UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BONDS		**105,375.00**
NATIONAL BANK AND TRUST COMPANY STOCKS		**4,200,400.00**
Total Market Value of above Bonds and Stocks	$42,128,567.87	
Total Cost Value of above Bonds and Stocks	40,697,570.44	
INCREASE IN VALUE OF BONDS AND STOCKS OVER COST	$ 1,430,997.43	
CASH IN 259 BANKS AND TRUST COMPANIES throughout the United States, and cash in office ($6,154,811.25 on Interest)		**6,832,683.09**
INTEREST AND RENTS, due and accrued		**641,775.85**
LOANS ON COLLATERAL SECURITIES		**5,665,100.00**
Bonds and Stocks, having Market Value of	$ 7,549,322.00	
Excess of Market Value over amount Loaned, showing margin of security of	1,884,222.00	
LOANS TO POLICYHOLDERS		**2,427,950.12**
On the security of their Policies—the Reserve Value on their Policies being	$ 4,427,238.00	
SEMI-ANNUAL AND QUARTERLY PREMIUMS not yet due, and Premiums in course of collection (Reserve charged in Liabilities)		**2,888,911.65**
Total Assets		**$88,762,305.17**

LIABILITIES

RESERVE, Legal and Special Amount held to Protect Policy Contracts.	**$73,954,919.00**
ALL OTHER LIABILITIES Policy Claims, including those in process of adjustment; Premiums paid in advance; Unearned Interest on Policy Loans; Bills awaiting presentation for payment, etc.	**1,481,519.84**
SURPLUS TO POLICYHOLDERS	**13,325,866.33**
Total Liabilities	**$88,762,305.17**

Cash Dividends
and other concessions, not stipulated in original contracts, and voluntarily given to holders of old Policies, to date, over
5 Million Dollars

Life Insurance Issued and Paid for during 1904, over 312 Million Dollars
LARGEST IN THE HISTORY OF THE COMPANY

OVER ONE BILLION DOLLARS
LIFE INSURANCE IN FORCE

THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

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IF you knew how much we could save you in the way of time, money, annoyances, etc., and how pleasant, convenient and satisfactory it is to have your garments *made to your order* by us, you would send at once for our catalogue and samples.

Over 250,000 women who have investigated are now our patrons. What we have done for them we can do for you.

With our low prices and prompt service—thrifty, thinking women find genuine pleasure in sending their orders here. We make Tai or-made Suits. $7.50 to $25.

We show beautiful designs in silk costumes that are entirely new and exclusive. We make them to your order just as you want them in chiffon taffeta, peau de soie, lansdowne, silk warp Melrose and Henriettas and silk tweeds. $12 to $25.

Every woman who desires to dress fashionably at moderate cost and who wishes to wear garments made in New York's latest and best styles should have our Spring catalogue and samples.

We carry no garments in stock, but make everything to order.

Tailor-Made Suits	$7.50 to $25
Shirt-Waist Suits	$7 to $20
in mohairs, serges, brilliantines, etc.	
Silk Shirt-Waist Suits	$12 to $25
Silk Costumes	$12 to $25
Rain Coats	$9.75 to $18
Jackets	$5.75 to $15
Separate Skirts	$3.50 to $12

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WE SEND FREE to any part of the U. S. our new Spring Catalogue showing the latest New York styles, a large assortment of samples of the newest materials, and complete directions for taking measurements correctly. Mention whether samples are for tailor-made suit, shirt-waist suit, skirt, jacket or rain coat, and colors desired. *Write to-day before you forget it.*

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THIS BEAUTIFUL Diamond Ring full ¾ karat sent free for examination. A pure white gem absolutely perfect, set in solid 14 karat mounting. We give a written guarantee with Diamond stating full weight, quality and color of stone. Send us $7.00 and we will send ring prepaid, or if you prefer, we will send ring to your express office, allowing you to examine it, and if it is not as we represent it to be, return it at our expense; but if you find that the Diamond is all we say it is, pay express agent $7.00 and he will deliver ring to you. The balance you may remit to us in eight monthly payments of $3.25 each. Address Dept. C,

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Author of Sequil, or Things Whitch Aint Finished in the First

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

DEAR BEANY, lots of things has happened sence i wrote you last. you know that all the old men said father was a feerful fiter when he was young. well he can fite now i tell you. last sunday we was all setting in the yard and we heard feerful swaring out in the road and we run to the fense and looked and they was Lamp Flood and Bill Hartnet and some other fellers had grabed uncle Charles who was a old man and said they was going to put him under Mager Blakes pump, well while we was looking and they was draging him along swaring father come out of the frunt door with his coat tales flying and he saled into that crowd jest like Heenan. he hit Lamp Flood in the ear and nocked him rite through the school house fense and he nocked Bill Hartnet fluking in the gutter, and he grabed a feller i dident know by the coller and threw him way down South street and they dident want any more of him you bet, and uncle Charles was waiving his cane and dasting them to come back and fite and swaring terrible and father grabed him by the arm and was getting him into the house and mother and aunt Sarah and Missis Head and aunt Clark come out and asked him what was the matter, and Uncle Charles he said they insulted him, and they kept asking what they said to him and o Beany i wish you had been here. you wood have dide laffing. i woodent dass to wright down what they said but i will tell you when you get home. and father he said now ladies if you have satisfide your curosity i will take this old man home and you bet they all hipered into the house prety lively and father he went of with uncle Charles, laffing his head of and uncle Charles swaring terrible and waiving his cane.

Wright soon
Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i got a letter yesterday from you and when i opened it i thaugt it was wrote better than most of your letters and i nearly bust when it begun Dear Lizzie, and when i read the rest of the letter i nearly dide. o Beany i gess i have got one on you. you sent her letter to me. you said you dident wright enny letters to her or enny girl and i bet you have been writing to her rite along. you told a feerful old whacker of a lie. ennyway you wrote mity meen things about me. you told her that i had been telling lies about her and that i said Nell Dunlap was pretier than she was and that was a lie Beany and you know it. and i never told enny lies about her eether. it was the meenest thing i ever knew you to do and after all i have done for you. i bet you woodent have put enny birs in a girls hair and got her folks mad with you and got a licking for me like i did for you Beany. then agen you said you cood lick me easy and that you wood lick me jest as soon as you got home for telling stories about her. you aint man enuf to do it Beany, and i am going to tell her so two. you thaugt you was prety smart to wright meen things about me to your girl becaus you wanted her to be mad with me and you dident think i wood ever know it. i gess i cood tell enuf things about you if i was meen enuf. I bet Pewt wood laff and so wood Ed Tole and Whack and Boog and Fatty and Nipper and all the other fellers if i give them your letter, spesialy at the silly parts.

you know you said one time that you liked May Rundlett better than enny girl in town and i wood tell her what you said if i was meen enuf. only i aint so meen as you are Beany, now Beany i tell you jest what i am going to do about it. you have got to give me that riding whip that Dan Gilman give you. that one with the broken handel and your slingshot and 2 horse shue crabs. you promised me the crabs before. and some more star fish. if you dont i will tell her about the letter and will show the letter to Pewt and the other fellers. that will lern

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of six letters from Plupy to Beany. The fifth will appear in an early number.

Why You Should Both Subscribe for the Chicago Daily Review and Urge Your Neighbor to Do So

THE Chicago **Daily Review** is a newspaper intended and adapted for national circulation and sold to subscribers in any part of the United States, Canada, Mexico, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippine Islands for **One Dollar a year, 75 cents for six months, 50 cents for three months, 30 cents for one month.**

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Crime, scandal and vice are still exceptional in American life, but many newspapers treat them as if they were the rule. This policy tends to make vice and crime normal and cleanness of character exceptional. Crime spreads by suggestion. Several types of crime—such as the murder of wives followed by the suicide of the murderer, and such as the deplorable increase of suicides among children—are manifestly the direct outgrowth of suggestion by criminal news in the press.

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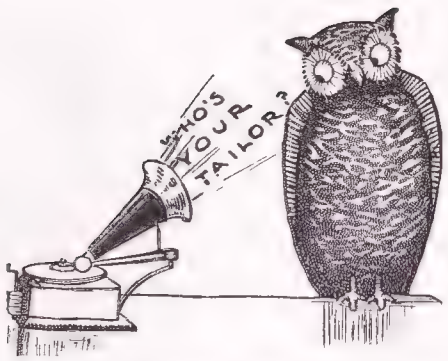

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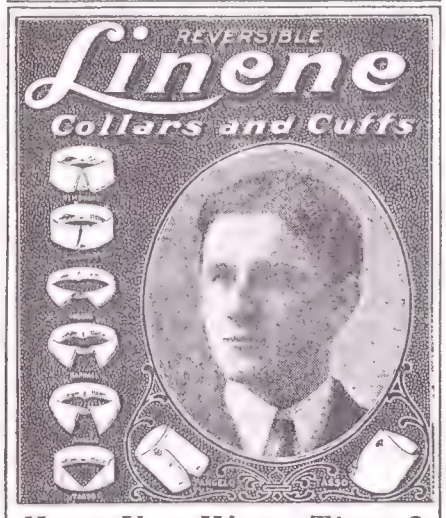

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THE EDUCATOR WAY

you not to wright meen things about a feller. Wright rite of.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i got your last letter all rite. now you needent get mad for i dont care if you do. and you needent come beging round for me to send back the letter for i am going to hold the letter till i get them things. and i aint meen about it eether. do you remember the time that me and you was pardners in a store in my shed and jest becaus i woodent let you drink up the sweatened water and smoke up the sweet firn segars you got mad and went pardners with Pewt and tride to get all my trade. do you remember that Beany. and then you and Pewt got mad and you both said the other cheeted eech one. i shood think that wood lern you not to be meen. ennyway i aint meen about it. if i had been i wood have made you give me all your marbles and your bow gun. you can bring the horse shue crabs home when you come home. and i dont want your old riding whip ennyway. only i am going to hang on to that letter and if you give me enny sass i will show it to the fellers. i bet if you had a letter of mine like that you wood show it to every feller in town and rase time with me. say Beany i was telling Tady Fenton about the hornet goke and he said if you got a hornets nest in the winter and put it in a warm room the hornets will come out mad and sting time out of everybody. he said once he put one in old Francis school and the hornets come out and all the scholars piled out of school and they stang old Francis 2 times in the leg and he piled out two. and they had to wate till the fire was all out and they opened the windows and when the hornets was all num with cold they scraped them up and put them in the stove. the next day old Francis found out that Tady brougt in the nest and he whaled him feerful. Tady said it was the wirst licking he ever got but it was wirth it to see old Francis dance and make up faces when the hornets stang him in the leg. we will try it next winter.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i am auful sorry you was sick. dident you know cucumbers and milk was bad for you. i shood have thaugt you wood know that. the Chadwicks is the only fellers whitch can eat cucumbers and milk. one day last week i was up to Chadwicks and they et green apples and currents and green goozberrys and black cherrys and drank milk and they wasent sick a bit. none of the rest of us whitch had et the green apples and currents and goozberrys and black cherrys dassed to drink the milk but Nipper was sick and Pewt he was two and i was kind of sick but mother gave me some caster oil whitch made me a good deal wirse and father he said if i had drank the milk two i wood have climed the golden stairs, and mother she said George i wish you woodent talk like that and Aunt Sarah she said so two. father pretended he dident care when i was gaging but he kep asking me if i was better and mother she said he was scarter then she was. he said i hadent aught to eat more than 14 kinds of frute with milk and that if i wanted to see how mutch of that stuff i cood eat i had better try some tacks and some broken glass. that was after i was better that he said that. old Si Smiths dog dide from eating broken glass in some meat, so i gess i wont eat enny. old Si said he wood give 50 dolars if he cood find out who did it. he thaugt Squawboo Bowley did it becaus old Sis dog had bit Squawboo most every time he went by Sis store and Squawboo said he was getting sick of being norred by a dog every day. ennyway old Si coodent find out and all he cood do was to sit on his steps and sware about it. i am glad the old dog is dead becaus he come out at me one day. i wish somebody wood give old man Dows dog some two for he is crosser than old Sis dog was. he is a brother of old Sis dog. Ed Tole come up for me to go down and see his new rooster. he is a bolton gray. i dident dass to go.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

EXETER, NEW HAMSHIRE, ——, 186—

Dear Beany, i am glad you are all well agen. i hope you dident wurry about that letter. i havent showed it to ennybody. i woodent be so meen as to do that when a feller is sick and may die. i was sorry i plaged you about the letter and i dident know but it mite have made you sick. i was

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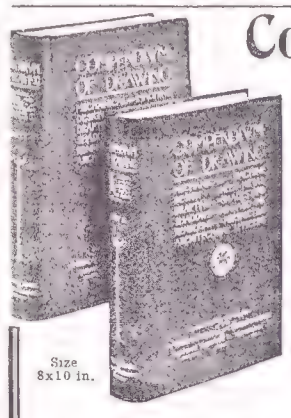

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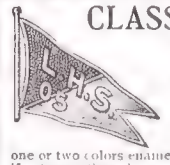

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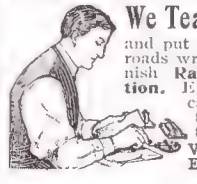

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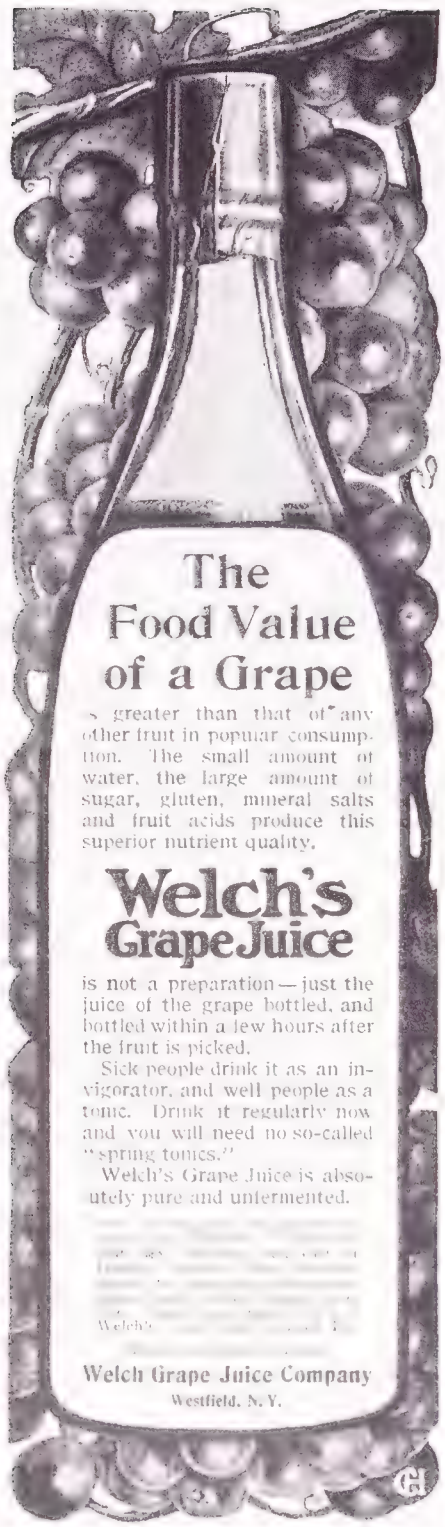

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THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

glad when you wrote me what the matter was. if peeple wasent meen they woodent be much truble in this world wood they Beany. if peeple only knew how mutch fellers hated them for being meen they wood try not to be meen. but i supose they dont know. do you remember how mad Bill Morril was when he made us stop playing 3 old cat in the high school yard becaus we broak his windows. we dident meen to do it and we only broak 5. and Nippers father got mad when we run down thru his garden one nite when we was playing red lion. when we grow up Beany less have things diferent and say to the fellers, fellers if you want to play ball in front of our house play all you want to and if you brake a window all rite as long as you dont try to do it on perpose, and if a feller tries to hang on behind when we are driving a horse we wont whip behind or hit them a larup but we will say get in feller and have a ride. do you remember how mad those Hamton Falls men was when we pluged the geese eggs at there cows and how i had to pay out all my cornet money to them. well father he told me that one of those men sold a horse that had fits to a man and the horse run away and threw the man out and broak his leg. and the other man cheeted his mother and sister out of the most of there money and that is the way it goes. ennyway Beany things will be diferent when we are groan up. most of the fellers will be that way two. Whack says he will and Boog and Poz and most of the fellers. Tady Fenton he says he will and Skinny Bruce he says if he ever teeches school he wont ever lick a feller for missing and he wont have enny arithmetic or grammer in school, only speling and geografy. ennybody can spell but arithmetic and grammer is hard and that is why we have had to study them so hard. I have been thru the grammer 2 times and ennybody whitch has done that had aught to know grammer prety well.

Wright soon.

Yours very respectively, PLUPY.

BANKRUPT

By Reginald Wright Kauffman

Here's a batch of musty papers,
Copies made of letters old,
Like so many once-glad tapers
Burned to socket, dead and cold—
Each one breathing passion ended.
Lees where once were heady wines—
Deep into my desk descended:
Corpses now, once—valentines!

Here are oaths to Madge and Molly.
Vows to Violet and Bet.
Pledges lightly made to Polly,
Love-songs sung to Henriette!
What the climax of the story
Rattling here like dead men's bones?
Just this grim *memento mori*.
Just this graveyard white with stones.

"Only notes?" The cynic spirit
Fain would so the truth disguise:
I'd agree—but, oh, I fear it
Is less possible than wise!
Only notes? The thing suggested
Conscience reads another way:
These are notes long since protested—
Broken "promises to pay."

Or, to change the figures slightly,
Checks I drew for spendthrift cheer
On the Bank of Cupid, lightly
Scorning that blind financier.
Thus they read, then: "Pay to Loris
One Life's Love"—"Pay Eleanore
Ditto"—Ditto Meg and Doris—
Ditto half a hundred more.

Quite a balance, mine, at starting;
Blood was warm and life at dawn;
Then, the fool and assets parting,
My account was overdrawn.
Now—well, here's an ending stupid:
No more valentines for me;
Every check I draw on Cupid
Now returns indorsed: "N. G."

What Would YOU Do

If you were unexpectedly called upon to defend your life or vindicate your honor?

If you did not know Jiu-Jitsu, you would probably do like any other man under similar circumstances—submit passively to the demands of your assailant. On the other hand, if you understood this ancient art of the Island Nation, you would have an ever-ready potent means of defense against every form of vicious attack—a means as sure as it is subtle.

Jiu-Jitsu is the most wonderful system of physical training and self-defense the world has ever known. Its practice develops every muscle, every tissue and strengthens every organ of the human body. It makes men "strong as steel," and women the physical equal of men of their own age and weight. As a means of self-defense, it is as potent at short range as the most deadly weapon. The Science of Jiu-Jitsu includes a thorough knowledge of anatomy, and teaches how to produce temporary paralysis by a slight pressure exerted at one of the many vulnerable points. When once a person skilled in the art effects one of the Jiu-Jitsu "holds," it is utterly useless for an opponent to offer resistance. It makes no difference how unequally matched in point of size or strength the contestants may be, a knowledge of Jiu-Jitsu will enable a woman to overcome and render powerless the strongest man.

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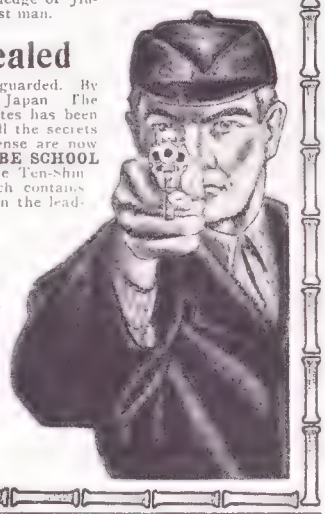
For over 2000 years the principles of Jiu-Jitsu have been religiously guarded. By an imperial edict the teaching of the system was forbidden outside of Japan. The friendly feeling, however, existing between Japan and the United States has been instrumental in releasing Jiu-Jitsu from its oath-bound secrecy, and all the secrets of the Japanese National System of Physical Training and Self-Defense are now being revealed to the American people for the first time by the **YABE SCHOOL OF JIU-JITSU**, at Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Y. K. Yabe, formerly of the Ten-Shin Ryu School of Japan, has formulated a correspondence course which contains full instructions in Jiu-Jitsu. It is identical with the course taught in the leading school of Japan.



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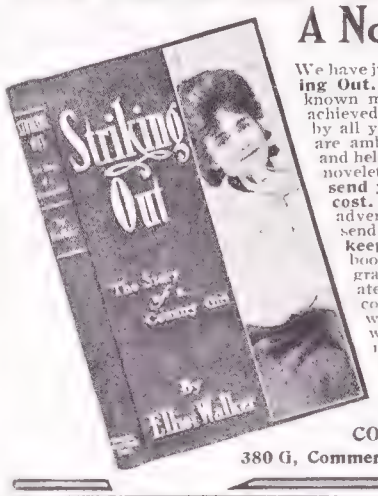

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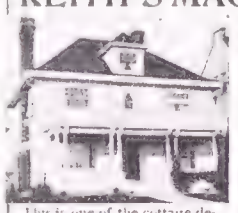

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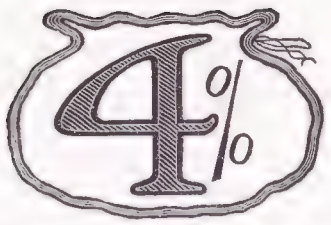

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1.00	compound-	293	650	1,614	5,177
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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

THE ROMANCE OF AN INVISIBLE EMPIRE — Reconstruction and the Ku Klux Klan.

¶ It has for years been a byword of intimate conversations that no Southerner who had lived through the horrors of Reconstruction could ever be prevailed upon to describe them, and that no other man could be persuaded to imagine them. The Reverend Thomas Dixon, Jr., was born in 1864. He describes his novel, The Clansman (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*), as "the second book of a series of historical novels planned on the race conflict. The Leopard's Spots," he continues, "was the statement in historical outline of the conditions from the enfranchisement of the negro to his disfranchisement. The Clansman develops the true story of the 'Ku Klux Klan conspiracy,' which overturned the Reconstruction régime." The dedication is "to the memory of a Scotch-Irish leader of the South, my uncle, Colonel Leroy McAfee, Grand Titan of the Invisible Empire Ku Klux Klan."

Beginning with the scenes at Washington immediately following the surrender at Appomattox, the reader is brought directly before Lincoln, Stanton, and a person called the "great Commoner," who, obviously enough, is Thaddeus Stevens under another name. Lincoln is given the respect which North and South now alike accord him, and his assassination is deplored, as other Southern writers of recent years have deplored it, for the greatest disaster that could have overtaken the prostrate Confederacy. Upon his death the figure of Stoneman (Stevens) begins to grow in stature. He assumes proportions which come to seem almost grotesque. He towers above the North and looms threateningly over the South. His word is law as no leader's word has ever been. Reconstruction is his creature.

And then the story begins to live. Lincoln, Stanton, Stoneman, the impeachment of Johnson by Congress — all this is necessarily preliminary, but much better told in political records. The double love story advances nothing of the main purpose. One wonders where the author is hiding his Ku Klux Klan. Not until comes the description of conditions in the South under negro rule does any of the book's real power show itself. Without fertility of invention, with a handling of narrative no more adroit than another's, the vivid flashes of description, the powerful pulpit oratory, take hold of reality and make it effective for purposes of emotion.

The story is misshapen, theatrical and rhetorical — the work of a pleader who chooses the forms of fiction as convenient moulds for his special plea, not of the dramatist who, surveying the whole field, is led inevitably into the main road of Destiny — but it contains, in passages of strong writing, many facts that are wholesome for Northern readers to know.

THE JAPANESE HEROINE — Clive Holland paints her in the usual colors, but with a touch pleasantly individual.

¶ Japan, as far as Occidental novelists are concerned, has ever been a land wherein Western heroes may fall in love with a trusting little native, only to desert her at last for a woman of their own race. Thus it was to Loti, to Onoto Watana — even to John Luther Long. Whether it is so to real life — the foremost artist of all — remains, of course, a matter of doubt — though the friendly diplomatic attitude of Japan toward the United States would seem to acquit at least our own country.

Be this as it may, Clive Holland differs in no whit from his brother authors when he comes to write A Japanese Romance (*Frederick A. Stokes Company*). Mio San, the gardener's daughter at Uresino, is deserted by her Occidental husband, "the august Somerville," and, rather than marry O Yoshida, drowns herself, whereat Somerville is left free to pursue his wooing of Violet Desborough — and there the story ends, just where most such stories do.

Nevertheless, the tale is written with a delicacy which is Clive Holland's own, and though one would not, of course, rank it with Loti's story, it at least owes nothing to its fellows in the matter of actual writing. In a word, the author, taking a more or less familiar plot, has given to his rendering thereof an individual flavor. Considering

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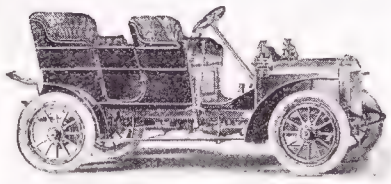

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that the flavor is pleasant, and that there is but a limited number of plots under the sun, what more could one expect of A Japanese Romance?

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** Those admirers of Emmy Lou who expected great things of its author will be disappointed in George Madden Martin's new story, The House of Fulfillment *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*. The childhood of the heroine is well sketched, and there is one strong scene in which a young girl sees the difference between ideal and real love, but otherwise the novel hardly "carries." Alexina observes the failure of one marriage based on passion and of another based on money considerations. She sees the success of a third in which gratitude gave place to love, and of a fourth which came of that love whereof the first flush of youth knows nothing. When she at last gives her heart to a young man whom she had played with as a child the reader is left to suppose that she has found, indeed, that House of Fulfillment sung by William Morris:

Love is enough, ho ye who seek saving,
Go no further: come hither: there have been who have found it,
And these know the House of Fulfillment of Craving;
These know the cup with the roses around it;
These know the World's Wound and the balm that hath bound it.

¶ **The verse of Clinton Scollard** is always musical and pleasant. Its maker is, moreover, indefatigable, as magazine readers are well aware. The Lyric Bough *(James Pott & Co.)*, which is Mr. Scollard's latest collection of his contributions to periodical literature, shows all these qualities. One may object to such lines as

Comrade, who seeks 't the clew
Of whence and whither to,

but, at any rate, the verse all "sings itself" and is uniformly optimistic.

¶ **The hero of Linnie Sarah Harris'** Sweet Peggy *(Little, Brown & Co.)* is a sensitive city plant who falls in love with a voice. He has gone into the Maine woods for a vacation, and when he learns that the voice belongs to the pretty daughter of a farmer it is obviously his destiny — as destiny goes in novels — to fall in love with the singer. There follows a pretty idyl which has such attractive qualities in itself that one fails to see the necessity for the "few bars of appropriate music" with which each chapter is headed.

¶ **The Harris-Ingram Experiment** *(The Burrows Brothers)* is less of a novel than an essay in defense of the theory of coöperation between capital and labor. The author, Charles E. Bolton, who died just before this book was published, had previously done other writing along a somewhat similar line in A Model Village and Other Papers. He speaks not only from conviction but from a personal knowledge and practical experience, and though he modestly makes no pretense at a literary style his book is a sincere utterance which deserves attention.

¶ **Intoxicants and Opium** *(The International Reform Bureau)* is the revised sixth edition of Protection of Native Races Against Intoxicants and Opium. It is based on a symposium of testimony from a hundred missionaries and travelers, and is an appeal for a combination of the great nations to suppress the sale of intoxicants "to men who," as President Harrison put it, "less than our children, have acquired the habits of self-restraint."

¶ **A plot that will keep** the reader in the dark until the end of the story is, after all, the chief requisite of a detective novel; and so much one must freely grant to The Millionaire Baby *(Bobbs, Merrill Company)*, by Anna Katharine Green. The crime about which the story is woven is kidnaping, and, although one soon guesses the solution of the main mystery, there are enough minor threads to produce a very pretty tangle and keep the reader in the required suspense.

¶ **Broughton Bradenburg** has studied the immigration question at first hand. He has looked into it in Italy; has come back in the steerage; passed through Ellis Island as an immigrant, and, finally, speaking the language and living the life of those about him, he has spent months in the Italian quarter of New York. The result is Imported Americans *(Frederick A. Stokes Company)*, a most suggestive volume, not the least interesting portion of which is the illustrations, made from photographs by the author.

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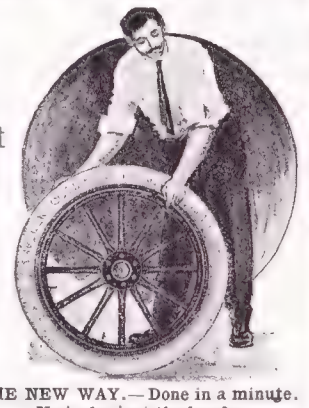

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A YELLOW JOURNALIST

(Continued from Page 11)

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"And now—now you throw up your hands. 'I have stood it all,' you say; 'the whole town's been against me. I've lost every friend I had. Nobody believes me innocent. I could bear all that for father's sake, hoping the truth need never be known, but that in time I'd get my freedom and the whole thing would remain a mystery. But every day I keep silent seems to draw the net closer about me. My poor father must forgive me—I am innocent. He did it.'"

"You bet—you print it, will you? Just like I'd said it. Promise me you will. It'll be a bully scoop for your paper, but you deserve it; you're so smart and found it out, while all those other reporters say I'm guilty."

"Then"—something in the back of my head threatened, but I couldn't stop now—"then this is your story? This is the truth?"

"That's what it is!" He was pacing up and down the cell now almost gayly, his evil young face alight with the braggart's confidence. "It—it makes a hero out of me, don't you think? Why, when I get out of here people'll be tumbling over each other to be nice to me. And I'll know how to use this fame, I bet you. Why, I guess even theatrical managers and museums——"

"Tell me, Mr. Demling," I asked suddenly in the matter-of-fact tone of the interviewer, "why do you suppose the little boy was killed before his sister?"

He stopped still as though a shot had struck him. "He wasn't," he murmured.

I held my breath. But he was quite off guard now.

"Why, of course he was," I ventured, moving toward the door.

"I tell you he—wasn't," he repeated brokenly. (I was right; I was right; the little half-witted brother had been the one tender spot in this brute's life!) "No—no one wanted to hurt the kid. He was a first-rate little kid, an' his bein' weak in his head didn't keep him from makin' up to you, gentle as a pup."

A shiver shot through him at the memory, and I trembled, too, with nervous nausea.

"He'd heard the shots"—his voice went on complainingly, while he dropped heavily into his chair—"but he didn't know what it all meant, even though the place was blazin' 'round him when he come in. Poor kid, he—he laughed at the fire. He was such a kid for fire. It was all you could do to haul him away from it. He kep' dancin' about, clapping his hands. I—tried to drag him out, tellin' him he'd get burned, but that scared him and he broke away and ran for the kitchen crying for his mother. It was in the pantry between that I—caught him. It made me mad, his runnin' in there where they all were—I—I'd got to get away. I landed on him then—not hard, but I'd forgot about the gun—it was still in my hand an'—it come crashing. . . ."

His head fell upon the table, his arms outspread.

I staggered out into the corridor. My feet were leaden as in a nightmare; and as in a nightmare something caught my throat and held it tight so that I could not call the guard.

It was Demling's sudden, realizing cry of fury that brought him running to the cell-door, where the two grappled.

"It's a lie! It's a lie!" Demling was yelling while he beat upon the door the jailer had succeeded in closing. "Tell that she-devil it's a lie——"

But I was out in the sunshine by that time, and the tonic of victory was dancing through my veins.

. . . . . .

It was nine o'clock when I got through my story, and, seizing my hat and jacket, started for the telegraph office. Blewett, who had been haunting the hotel, joined me.

"Thompson's been flying about like mad," he whispered as we turned up the street.

"Let him fly," I said superbly.

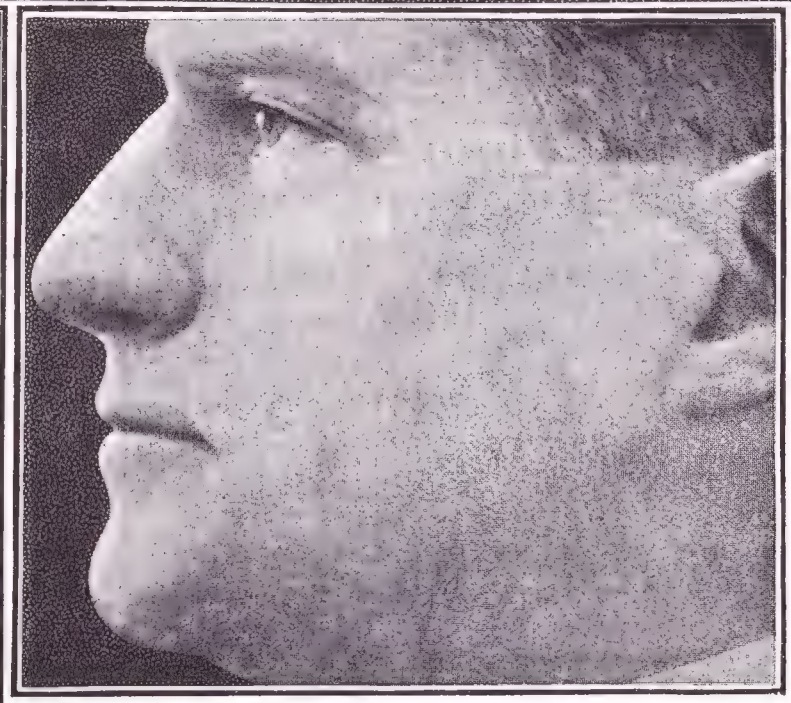
"They're up to something, he and McGowan."

"McGowan in with him? That's more serious. But—do they know?"

"No one knows. Even I don't—exactly."

I laughed happily.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



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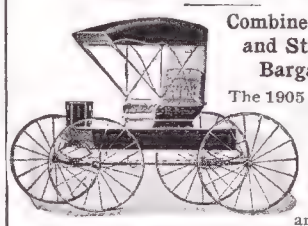

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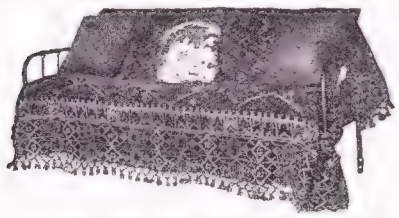

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We ship the Bullard Bed-Davenport on thirty days' trial; if not satisfactory, full amount refunded and no objections raised. Our price is delivered.

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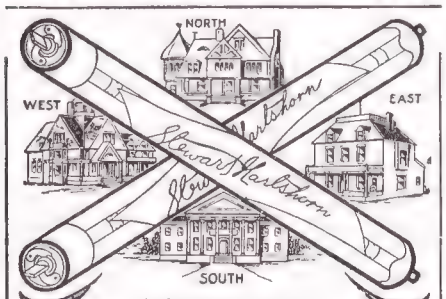

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Tin Rollers **Wood Rollers**

"But the whole town knows you've got something Hornick don't want you to give out."

Suddenly a cold fear had come over me. I couldn't lose this story. I couldn't, but——

But just then we reached the office and I hurried in and threw my copy on the operator's desk.

"Rush it, won't you?" I said. "I'll get the rest from Miss Ely, the shorthand reporter, and send it later. Why ——"

He made no move to take it.

"I'm sorry, Miss Massey, but I can't possibly send it before midnight. The wires are loaded now, and the Times-Record orders must be filled——"

"Ted Thompson!" I gasped. "He's set you to telegraphing the encyclopædia!"

"There's the telephone—long distance," suggested Blewett.

We hurried around the corner.

"Give me the News, San Francisco, quick!" I cried to the telephone girl.

"Line's busy," she murmured.

"Oh—never mind that!"

"Press—yes, Press?" she called sweetly over the line, ignoring me. "This is Grafton. I've got 3000 words from McGowan for you. More to come, he says. Yes—ready——"

"Damn it!" I sobbed.

Well, it shocked the telephone girl's dry voice into silence for a minute anyway, and it shivered Blewett into dumfounded horror. It shamed me, too—the sound of it aloud. I had thought it hard enough, but one doesn't always say what one thinks. But it didn't help the littlest bit to get my story down to the News.

I stood there in haggard hesitation, knowing that precious minutes were flying by. The girl's dry, low voice—she had recovered—was going calmly on. Through the thick of my misery I was conscious of the long-winded, padded stuff McGowan had written to keep me off the line. He could keep that going indefinitely.

There was only one thing to do—let these two highwaymen in on part of my story; make a deal, a compromise.

"Go, tell Thompson," I said wearily to Blewett, "that I—— No—no, don't!"

I think I should be standing there yet in just that impotent agony of hopeless indecision if that blessed whistle hadn't come—the whistle of a train.

"For San Isidro?" I shrieked at Blewett.

He nodded.

"Fly uptown and get Miss Ely, the court stenographer. Bring her down to the depot—I don't care; bring her with her notes, and have that typewriter I used at the hotel there too——"

He demurred.

"See here, Mr. Blewett, I had orders to discharge you when I came up. You shall hold your place and have double rates hereafter if you bring her to the depot. Oh, please, please, please bring her!"

He did. I'd got the conductor to hold the train for just five minutes and to wire the San Isidro operator to be ready for me. I had to tell him why, to make him do it, but he was a treasure, that conductor, with a natural nose for news, and a taste for a fight that was just lovely; and when I confided to him what I'd planned he stood right in like a man.

"I can't possibly give you the account of to-day's testimony, Miss Massey," Miss Ely said as she came up, hatless and notebook in hand. "You see, there's all this to transcribe, and I've promised Mr. Thompson——"

"Just come inside a moment and give me that one paragraph of Mrs. Jennings'," I coaxed in my most deferential manner—and, haughty as being in demand had made this country girl, she yielded.

"You'll be sure to let me know in time when you start?" she said primly to the conductor.

"Plenty of time—plenty of time," he chuckled jovially.

And a second later we were off. I placated her by promising to telegraph to the Times-Record for Thompson all the transcribed stuff she'd promised him. I told the conductor sternly what I thought of his carelessness in carrying off so important a personage as Grafton's court stenographer, and he bore it gravely, and apologized most beautifully to stiff, tall Miss Ely. Then I flattered and begged, and it wasn't long before she was reading her notes to me, peaceable as a lamb.

She was quite content. But me—oh, I was mad with delight! And when at San Isidro I'd filed every blessed word with the telegraph operator I sent one message in the other direction. It read:

Ted Thompson, Times-Record Correspondent, Grafton: We'll have that lunch in the city. The Demling case is done brown, and honors are easy.

(Signed) ONE OF THE COOKS.

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IF YOU are not reading "The Truth About Frenzied Finance," now running in Public Opinion, you are missing one of the most instructive and interesting exposes ever published. This series of articles—twelve in number, one appearing each week—shows Mr. Lawson in his true colors. His "Story of Frenzied Finance" is analyzed, page by page, and new light is thrown upon this interesting subject. The author of "The Truth About Frenzied Finance" is

Denis Donohoe

Financial Editor of the New York Commercial

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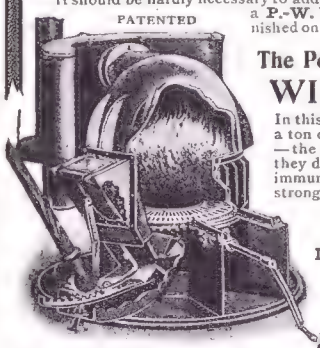
It should be hardly necessary to add that the gentleman in question had his old heating apparatus removed and a **P.-W. Underfeed** Furnace installed. If desired, names of parties will be furnished on application. Literally hundreds of such cases are brought to our attention.



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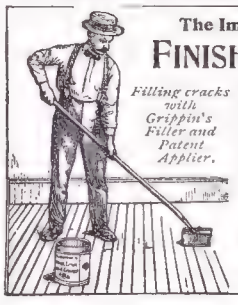

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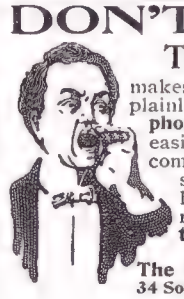

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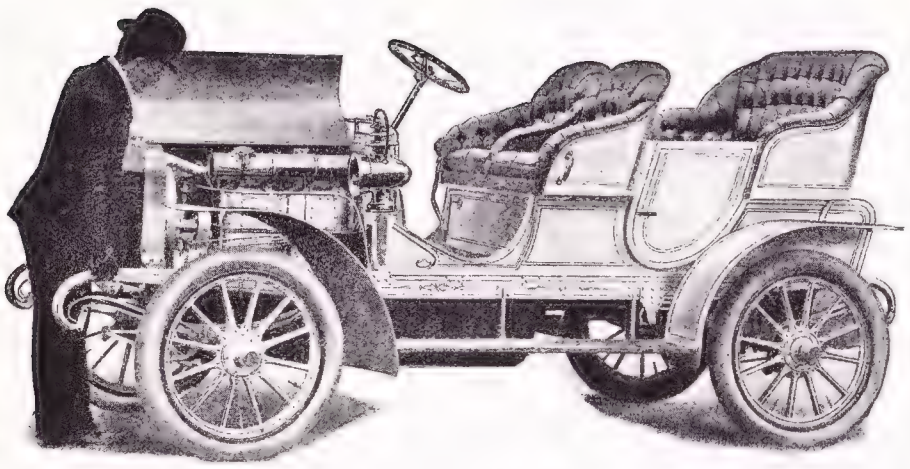

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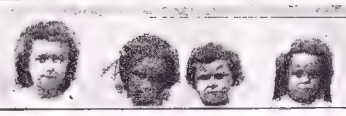

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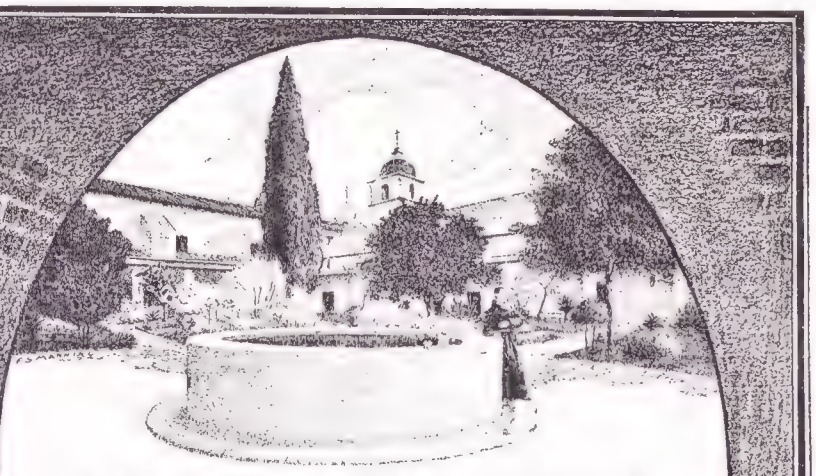

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A Stay of Proceedings

(Concluded from Page 4)

insect, and Eastlake reconnoitred from the rope portière at the end of the main passage to behold an indignant young woman, with lilac conspicuous in her dishabille, take her way toward the opposite dressing-room. His smile was bland as he readjusted the annunciator.

A fifth summons lured him into the central aisle, now filling with disheveled people, where he bowed gravely to Betty, who, her skirts drawn close about her feet, was perched upon the stepladder, boring the tip of her umbrella into the electric button. Eastlake imperturbably collected part of his luggage and conveyed it to the vestibule. When he returned she stood in the aisle anxiously consulting her watch. She held herself rigidly erect, but to her husband's discerning eye her stature seemed over night to have lost at least one, if not two, of its inches.

"The bell appears to be out of order," she remarked.

"It's not the bell that's out of order," he informed her calmly; "it is the porter."

"But I must see him."

"I hardly think you'll be able."

"But I must," she repeated. "I cannot find my—my property."

"Shoes?" he suggested.

She shot him a look which he felt to be full of suspicion.

"I missed mine, too," he explained. "Indeed, the whole carful seems engaged in what a punster would call a bootless quest. The sad fact is, Betty, our footgear is probably two hundred miles away."

"What?" wailed Mrs. Eastlake.

"Yes; you see the colored person who controls our destinies happened to fall asleep in a rear car which was laid off in the small hours."

"With *my* shoes!"

"With all our shoes."

"But you have yours."

"An extra pair. I trust you are as lucky. It will be deuced awkward when the train reaches Chicago, but I presume the company will provide invalid chairs or something of the kind. From all appearances," he added, taking in the rising hubbub as the dire news circulated the Esmeralda, "the supply will scarcely meet the demand."

Betty seemed aghast.

"This is horrible," she exclaimed. "Why, I simply can't arrive in Chicago in my stocking-feet."

"It does look rather formidable," her husband agreed impersonally. "Besides, you'll have to cross the city for your—Western connection."

Silence greeted this contribution.

"But perhaps some makeshift will occur to you," he continued hopefully. "How about slippers—or rubbers even, if it came to a pinch?"

"I haven't even sandals. I thought a pair of ties were in my bag, but I can't find them."

"No?" sympathized Eastlake. "How about your trunk? Do you suppose it is aboard this train?"

"It should be."

"With shoes in it?"

"Of course."

"Then it's plain sailing, isn't it? The baggageman surely won't refuse to let you open it."

His wife dimpled.

"I could hardly parade the train like this," she rejoined, with a twinkle of silken hosiery by way of illustration.

"But I could go for you—if I seem trustworthy."

A long pause. Then:

"Betty," began Eastlake.

"Yes?"

"Would it make this service—and others perhaps—any more acceptable if you knew that I wired 'Yes' last night *for my own sake?*"

"Tom! You understood? You understood, after all? Oh, why aren't we alone?"

Eastlake considered their agitated fellow-travelers, and then laid sudden hands upon a berth hanging.

"We are as good as alone," he declared. "Anyhow, what if they do take us for a rural bride and groom?"

Mrs. Eastlake recaptured a shining strand of hair which the curtain had displaced.

"And now, Tom," she said briskly, "I'm quite ready for that pair of slippers I happened to see you purloin."

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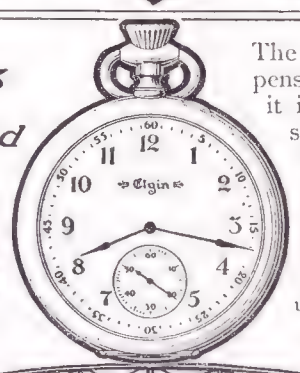

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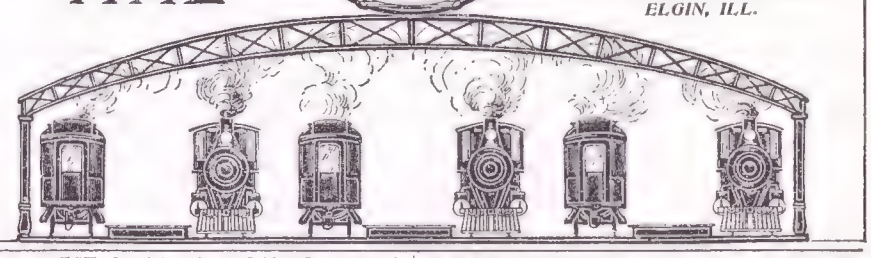

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A DIARY FROM DIXIE

(Continued from Page 7)

it, as Bettie did not wish it spoken of?" "Bless my soul, so he did! I forgot that part entirely."

Colonel Alston begged the Carolinian not to take his inadvertent breach of faith too much to heart. Miss Bettie's engagement had caused him a dreadful night. A young man, who was his intimate friend, came to his room in the depths of despair and handed him a letter from Miss Bierne, which was the cause of all his woe. Not knowing that she was prematurely engaged to Miles, he had proposed to her in an eloquent letter. In her reply she positively stated that she was engaged to Mr. Miles, and instead of thanking her for putting him at once out of his misery, he considered the reason she gave as trebly aggravating—the agony of the love-letter and the refusal. "Too late!" he yelled. "By Jingo!" So much for a secret.

Colonel and Mrs. Myers and Colonel and Mrs. Chesnut were the only friends of Mr. Miles who were invited to the wedding. At the church door the sexton demanded our credentials. No one but those whose names he held in his hand were allowed to enter. Not twenty people were present—a mere handful grouped about the altar in that large church. We were among the first to arrive. Then came a faint flutter, and Mrs. Parkman (the bride's sister, swathed in weeds for her young husband, who had been killed within a year of her marriage) came rapidly up the aisle alone. She dropped upon her knees in the front pew, and there remained, motionless, during the whole ceremony, a mass of black crape, and a dead weight on my heart. She has had experience of war. A cannonade around Richmond interrupted her marriage service—a sinister omen—and in a year thereafter her bridegroom was dead upon the field of battle. While the wedding march turned our thoughts from her and thrilled us with sympathy, the bride advanced in white satin and point d'Alençon. Mrs. Myers whispered that it was Mrs. Parkman's wedding dress that the bride had on. She remembered the exquisite lace, and she shuddered with superstitious forebodings.

All had been going on delightfully indoors, but a sharp shower cleared the church porch of the curious; and, as the water splashed, we wondered how we were to assemble ourselves at Mrs. McFarlane's. All the horses in Richmond had been impressed for some sudden cavalry necessity a few days before. I ran between Mr. McFarlane and Senator Semmes with my pretty Paris rose-colored silk turned over my head to save it, and when we arrived at the hospitable mansion of the McFarlanes, Mr. McFarlane took me straight into the drawing-room, manlike, forgetting that my ruffled plumes needed a good smoothing and pressing.

Mrs. Lee sent for me. She was staying at Mrs. Caskie's. I was taken directly to her room, where she was lying on the bed. She said, before I had taken my seat: "You know there has been a fight going on at Brandy Station?" "Yes, we are anxious. John Chesnut's company is there, too." She spoke sadly but quietly: "My son, Roony, is wounded; his brother has gone for him. They will soon be here and we shall know all about it unless Roony's wife takes him to her grandfather. Poor lame mother, I am useless to my children!" Mrs. Caskie said: "You need not be alarmed. The general said in his telegram that it was not a severe wound. You know even Yankees believe General Lee."

That day Mrs. Lee gave me a likeness of the general in a photograph taken soon after the Mexican War. She likes it so much better than the later ones. He certainly was a handsome man then—handsomer, even, than now. I shall prize it, for Mrs. Lee's sake, too. She said old Mrs. Chesnut and her aunt, Nellie Custis (Mrs. Lewis), were very intimate during Washington's Administration in Philadelphia. I told her Mrs. Chesnut, senior, was the historical member of our family; she had so much to tell of Revolutionary times. She was one of the "white-robed choir" of little maidens who scattered flowers before Washington at Trenton Bridge, which everybody who writes a life of Washington asks her to give an account of.

Altogether it has been a pleasant day, and as I sat alone I was laughing lightly now and then at the memory of some funny story. Suddenly a violent ring and a regular sheaf of telegrams was handed me. I could not

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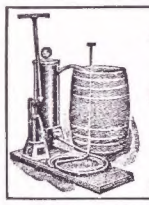

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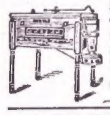

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have drawn away in more consternation if the sheets had been a nest of rattlesnakes. First, Frank Hampton was killed at Brandy Station. Wade Hampton telegraphed Mr. Chesnut to see Robert Barnwell, and make the necessary arrangements to recover the body. Mr. Chesnut is still at Wilmington. I sent for Preston Johnston, and my neighbor, Colonel Patten, offered to see that everything proper was done. That afternoon I walked out alone. Willie Mountford had shown me where the body, all that was left of Frank Hampton, was to be laid in the Capitol.

Preston Hampton and Peter Trezivant, with myself and Mrs. Singleton, formed the sad procession which followed the coffin. There was a company of soldiers drawn up in front of the State House porch. Mrs. Singleton said we had better go in and look at him before the coffin was finally closed. How I wish I had not looked! I remember him so well in all the pride of his magnificent manhood.

He died of a sabre-cut across the face and head, and was utterly disfigured.

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA, September 10, 1863.—Mattie Reedy (I knew her as a handsome girl in Washington several years ago) got tired of hearing Federals abusing John Morgan. One day they were worse than ever in their abuse, and she grew restive. By way of putting a mark against the name of so rude a girl, the Yankee officer said, "What is your name?" "Write 'Mattie Reedy' now, but by the grace of God one day I hope to call myself the wife of John Morgan." She did not know Morgan, but Morgan eventually heard the story; a good joke it was said to be. But he made it a point to find her out; and, as she was as pretty as she was patriotic, by the grace of God she is now Mrs. Morgan!

Once at the President's, in Richmond, General Lee was there, and Constance and Hetty Cary came in; also Miss Sanders and others. Constance Cary (afterward Mrs. Burton Harrison) was telling some war anecdotes, among them one of an attempt to get up a supper the night before at some high and mighty F. F. V.'s house, and of how several gentlefolks went into the kitchen to prepare something to eat by the light of one forlorn candle. One of the men in the party, not being of a useful temperament, turned up a tub and sat down upon it. Custis Lee, wishing also to rest, found nothing upon which to sit but a gridiron.

One remembrance I kept of the evening at the President's: General Lee bowing over the beautiful Miss Cary's hands in the passage outside. Miss —— rose to have her part in the picture, and asked Mr. Davis to walk with her into the adjoining drawing-room. He seemed surprised, but rose stiffly, and, with a scowling brow, was led off. As they passed where Mrs. Davis sat, Miss ——, with all sail set, looked back and said: "Don't be jealous, Mrs. Davis; I have an important communication to make to the President." Mrs. Davis' amusement resulted in a significant "Now! Did you ever?"

OCTOBER —.—Mr. Chesnut was with the President when he reviewed our army under the enemy's guns before Chattanooga. He told Mr. Davis that every honest man he saw out West thought well of Joe Johnston. He knows that the President detests Joe Johnston for all the trouble he has given him, and General Joe returns the compliment with compound interest. His hatred of Jeff Davis amounts to a religion. With him it colors all things.

Joe Johnston advancing, or retreating, I may say with more truth, is magnetic. He does draw the good will of those by whom he is surrounded. Being such a good hater, it is a pity he had not elected to hate somebody else than the President of our country. He hates not wisely but too well. Our friend John C. Breckinridge (former Vice-President) received Mr. Chesnut with open arms. There is nothing narrow, nothing self-seeking about Breckinridge.

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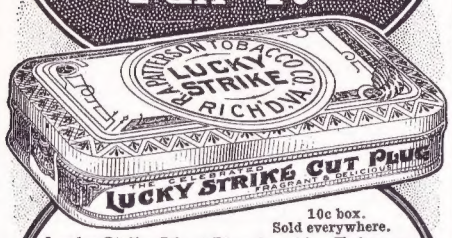

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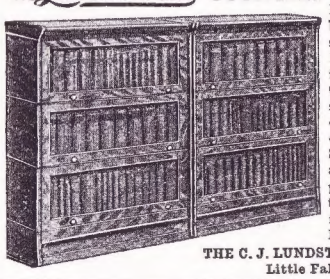

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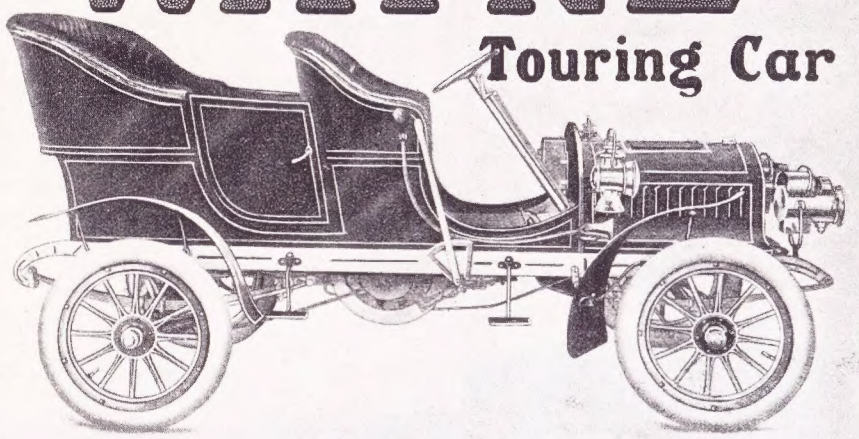

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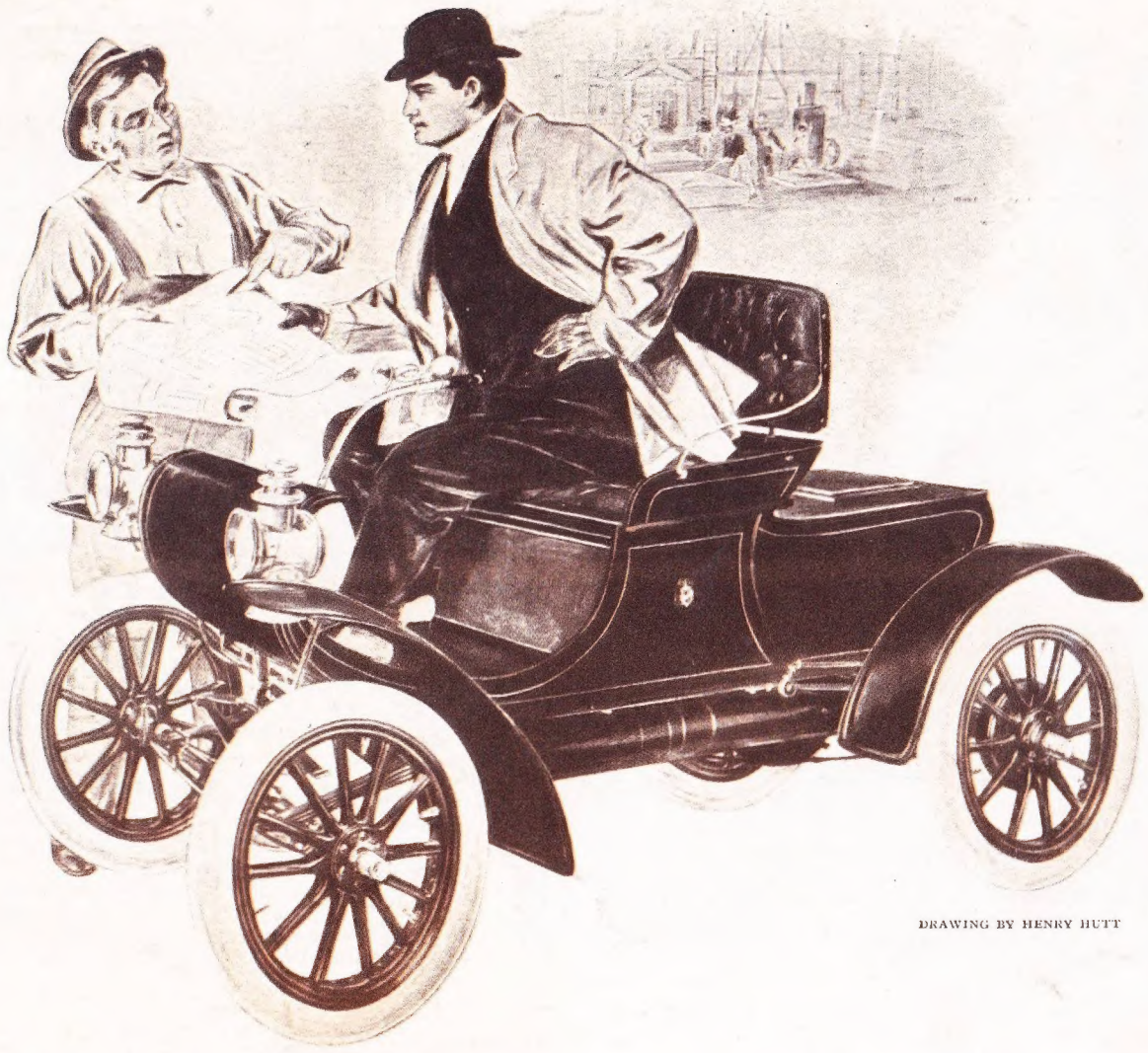

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